

"THE OLD SOUTH"

First Presbyterian Church

IN NEWBURYPORT.

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Section

Psalmody antiphons 53

Wentworth's Watts 53

Singing the Psalms 53, 195

Singing school 1807 54

instruments 54

O Dana lectures on music 54

1833 again 54 1828 197

Several Methodists 54

choir 196

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Much of this vol is waste

Whitfield's Tract is the center  
of the interest in it - the interest  
at present is vulgar beyond words

In my reflections while sitting  
here, of Whitfield as the Confessor  
of our Puritanism hardly see Strictures  
on Jameson's Hymns, 2 series p. 81 2+13













THE OLD SOUTH 1856-1896.

✓  
ORIGIN AND ANNALS

OF

“THE OLD SOUTH”

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

AND PARISH,

✓✓  
IN NEWBURYPORT, MASS.,

1746—1896.

✓  
EDITED BY HORACE C. HOVEY, D. D., PASTOR.

PUBLISHED FOR THE SOCIETY BY A COMMITTEE.

—  
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by  
HORACE C. HOVEY,  
and the  
First Presbyterian Church and Society,  
of  
Newburyport, Mass.



FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,  
NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

*According to an Act of the Legislature, June 14, 1815, by which the First Presbyterian Church was incorporated, "the Pastor, Deacons and Elders may have and use a common Seal, and the same may break, alter and renew at pleasure." The right has not been exercised until this historic year, when, by vote of the Session, the above emblematic device was adopted, Nov. 11, 1896. The Triangle typifies the Trinity; the uplifted hand has for ages been the conventional sign of the Covenant; the motto, "Christo Duce," (Christ our Leader), was the watchword given by Whitefield for Revolutionary soldiers, and for soldiers of the Cross. The "Eagle Wing" was the name of the Presbyterian ship that set sail for the Merrimac in 1637 with a colony of Calvinistic pilgrims. As a whole the Seal signifies our loyalty to the Trinity, to the ancient Covenant, and to Christ as the Captain of our Salvation, and our faith that we shall be upheld by the promises of God, as by the wings of a mighty eagle; (see Isaiah 40:31, and Revelation 12:14.)*



# ILLUSTRATIONS.

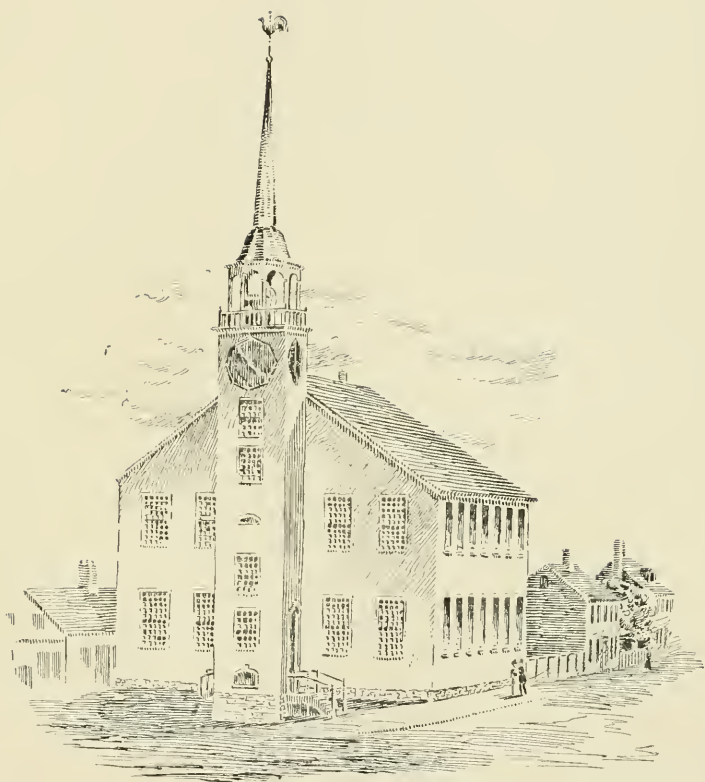
Seal of the First Presbyterian, "Old South," church.

The Old South meeting-house, 1856—1896, frontispiece.

	Page.
The Old South, prior to 1856 . . . . .	2
Portrait of Rev. H. C. Hovey . . . . .	6
"    " George Whitefield . . . . . opposite	23
"    " Jonathan Parsons . . . . . " . . . . .	27
"    " Murray, Dana and Williams . . . . . " . . . . .	41
"    " A. G. Vermilye . . . . . " . . . . .	73
"    " Proudfit, Stearns and Richardson " . . . . .	83
"    " Durfee, Newell, Wallace, Sinclair " . . . . .	91
In the Old South, April 7 and 8, 1896, . . . . . " . . . . .	99
Old South church, chapel, and the home of Garrison " . . . . .	163
Whitefield Cenotaph, in the Old South . . . . . " . . . . .	174
Choir of the Old South . . . . . " . . . . .	196







THE OLD SOUTH PRIOR TO 1856.



## INTRODUCTION.

The First Presbyterian Church, of Newburyport, Mass., (often styled "The Old South Church,") was begun January 3rd, 1746, and was completed in its organization on the 7th of the ensuing April. Preliminary to celebrating the One Hundred and Fiftieth anniversary of that event, the Session requested the co-operation of the Parish and the Ecclesiastical Society. Accordingly a meeting was held to which all persons interested were invited, and after a free interchange of opinion the plan was approved by a unanimous vote. The present pastor, Rev. Horace C. Hovey, D. D., and a former pastor, Rev. Ashbel G. Vermilye, D. D., were requested to deliver historical addresses; sister churches in the vicinity, with their ministers, were invited to attend and take part in public services to be held on the 7th and 8th of April, 1896; a special poem for the occasion was solicited from Mrs. Elizabeth Kimball Haskell; greetings were sought from former pastors, the survivors of deceased pastors, and from ministers and others who had at any time been connected with this congregation.

A General Committee of arrangements was chosen, to have all matters in charge; of which John T. Brown, Esquire, was made the chairman, Mr. Prentiss H. Reed, secretary, and Miss Frances A. Howard, treasurer. This General Committee included, (1.)

## ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

From the Church, Rev. Horace C. Hovey, D. D., pastor, and the Elders and Deacons, namely, Ebenezer Rolfe, James M. Woods, Edmund Jaques, William Binley, Charles M. Pritchard, Oliver O. Jones, Alvah W. Leavitt, Ebenezer Smith, John M. Bailey and George H. Jaques. (2.) From the Parish, David Foss, M. D., Charles T. Smith, William E. Chase, John W. Winder and Lawrence B. Cushing. (3.) From the Society as a whole, a large representation, more than eighty individuals in all. (4.) All persons in the Congregation, over seventy years of age, as honorary members, some of whom, it should be said, worked as vigorously as any of the active members.

From the General Committee, special committees were formed: on Program, Invitation, Reception, Decoration, Collation, Finance, Printing, and an Advisory committee to act on any new questions that might arise. It was intended to print in full all the names of these various committees. But they were so numerous, and as the work went on, so many changes were made, names being added, transferred or dropped, and so many persons, not on any committee, laboring and giving for the cause as freely as any others, that it was found impracticable to carry out the above intention. There is room for only those names that naturally come into prominence in connection with special features of the occasion.

Faithful work, and a great deal of it, was done by all concerned, and the result was a delightful and harmonious celebration. A final meeting of the General Committee heard reports from the sub-committees, passed votes of thanks to everybody to whom thanks were due, and then appointed a special committee whose duty it should be to collate, arrange and publish in a memorial volume the historical discourses and addresses, greetings

## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

from sister churches, such poetical and epistolary contributions as had been especially asked for, and at their discretion, in full, by abstract, or by title, such other material as might be available for the purpose. They might also insert such cuts as could be provided within their resources at command. Said committee was given power to act.

In issuing the completed volume thus prepared, it was deemed best to print it in two parts; the first containing the two main historical discourses, and the second presenting the other Anniversary Proceedings in detail from first to last.

A word is here in place as to the importance of collecting and preserving the scattered materials of local history. Our Pastoral Library already contains many valuable historical books, pamphlets, magazines, newspapers and manuscripts. An occasion like this brings to light the utility of such a collection, and suggests the eminent propriety of making said library the repository of documents that might otherwise be lost or destroyed. To each Church the Master has committed a great trust, and we should prize the religious, historical and literary treasures, which, if rightly interpreted, are God's message to us from a wonderful Past to make us wise for a bright Future.

JOHN W. WINDER,	}	<i>Committee</i>
PRENTISS H. REED,		<i>on</i>
JOHN T. BROWN,		<i>Publication.</i>









*Yours sincerely*  
*Horace C. Hovey.*

1893.

*“The Glory of the Fathers.”*

# HISTORICAL SURVEY

OF THE

## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

BY THE PASTOR,

REV. HORACE CARTER HOVEY, D. D.

*PROVERBS 17:6. “The glory of children  
are their fathers.”*





## ADDRESS OF REV. HORACE C. HOVEY, D. D.

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No place in America excels Essex county, Massachusetts, in quaint, romantic and instructive history, civil, military, and ecclesiastical. We are today more particularly interested in that portion of the county known as Newburyport—said to be the only town of that name on earth. Our city now has about 15,000 inhabitants; but when the church was founded whose anniversary we celebrate, this was simply what its name indicates, the port of Newbury, the “old town,” to which also belonged what is now the town of West Newbury. The local geography is further complicated by the fact that the lower portion of Newburyport has been always styled Joppa, and the upper portion Belleville, while the central portion was long known as Riverside. The terms “up along” and “down along” have peculiar fitness and have been in use here for many generations. The First Presbyterian, or as it is familiarly called, “the Old South

Church," occupies a central position with regard to this region about the estuary of the Merrimac.

Our fathers held as firmly to the Abrahamic covenant as did Abraham himself. They had large families and had all their children baptized, even extending that privilege formerly to what was styled "the half-way covenant." It is estimated that there have been about 6,200 children baptized in this one parish, whence many of them have gone to the ends of the earth, carrying the memory of that unwritten formula for family prayer which always included a blessing invoked on "the children and children's children, and on their children, to the latest generation of time."

God has signally blessed "these children of the Covenant;" and they in turn, wherever their lot may have been cast, have held to Solomon's maxim, that "*the glory of children are their fathers.*" Wise men do not ignore the deeds of former generations. Accordingly much has already been written about this region. Winthrop, Mather, Hutchinson and Bancroft have searched its early records. Whittier, Longfellow, George Lunt, Mrs. Spofford, and other poets, have embalmed its memories in verse. Hon. Caleb Cushing, Mr. Joshua Coffin, Mrs. E. Vale Smith, and others, have published local histories of a general nature, while the opulent mine of ecclesiasti-

cal research has been worked by Williams, Stearns, Vermilye, Wallace, Spalding and Fiske. We are also indebted to Dr. Withington, Mr. Moody Cook, Mr. R. N. Toppan, Miss Emery, and various members of the local Historical Society, for interesting reminiscences and sketches.

Yet history is always tinged by the medium through which it is seen, and each historian approaches his subject from his own starting point. The Apostle Paul, a native of Tarsus and a free-born Roman, truthfully told the Jews to whom he wrote, that he was "of the tribe of Benjamin, an Hebrew of the Hebrews." And so may the present speaker, though a native of Indiana and proud of being a Hoosier, remind his Yankee audience to-day that he is of un-mixed New England ancestry; coming, on the paternal side, from one of the founders of Ipswich, Daniel Hovey, who built the first wharf in all this region; and on the maternal side from Thomas Carter, one of the original settlers of Salisbury. My father, Professor Edmund Otis Hovey, D. D., was ordained by the Presbytery of Newburyport, in a meeting held at Bradford, Sept. 26th, 1831, at which time six or more young men were set apart for missionary work at the West. He was one of the founders of Wabash College, and among his papers I find a long list of

generous contributors to that institution from Newburyport. He was also on intimate terms with Drs. Dana, Williams and Stearns. These personal facts may explain, in part, my peculiar zeal in delving amid the archives, legends, and other materials that have been piled up during the century and a half of your ecclesiastical life.

We occupy an eminence, on this joyous anniversary, of whose privileges, distinctions and responsibilities the fathers in whom we justly glory had only a dim and cloudy vision. They were like the pioneers over the plains by the famous Butterfield trail, who had already made a long journey before catching their first view of the natural signal towers that guard the western El Dorado. There stood Pike's Peak, like a fleecy cloud on the horizon; and although in full sight, a march of one hundred and fifty miles must be made before its snowy summit was gained. And so with the fathers in their march down the pathway of time. They had come to the founding of this church by a long pilgrimage, and stood there like exiles disowned and assailed; and none but prophetic souls could have foreseen this day, when ours is but one of a myriad churches of its kind, and when the original colonies have grown into a broad Re-

## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

public, whose magnificent domain stretches from ocean to ocean, and expands from zone to zone.

## PREVIOUS COLONIAL CONDITIONS.

In order to grasp the history of our own venerable church, we must begin by considering its antecedents and its environment. In the days of the Pilgrim Fathers, nearly the entire Protestant world was Presbyterian, in the sense that the reformers had revolted from the hierarchy of Rome, and had gone back to the primitive idea that the Church of Christ should be governed by representatives of its own choosing. That idea was dominant among the Waldenses and Huguenots, and it made them what they were. Luther caught and spread that same idea throughout Germany, whence it went to Denmark, Sweden and Norway. John Calvin, a profound student of the Word of God, infused that idea of a representative church government into the Republic of Geneva; while John a Lasco developed it more fully in Holland. Thus, according to the historian Bancroft, was "established a party, of which Englishmen became members, and New England the asylum." And, let cavillers say what they will, fully four-fifths of all Protestants now living cling to the system bravely contended for by those men.

With those continental names, however, must be associated that of John Knox, the greatest man of Scotland, who, after being educated for the Roman Catholic priesthood, joined the revolt against the Papacy, was exiled to foreign lands, and returned to deliver his native land from spiritual despotism. He began by gathering a covenanted body styled "The Lords of the Congregation," into whose hands, in 1560, the whole government was placed by the treaty of Edinburgh. In the same year six ministers and thirty-four laymen formed the first modern "General Assembly," that has since given shape to all the many branches of the Presbyterian order, numbering nearly as many adherents as then spoke the English tongue. Their "Confession of Faith and Book of Discipline" was an attempt to reconstruct society. The rights of individuals were guarded so "that every man may gyf his vote frelie" for minister and elders; the former being elected for life and the latter annually. Knox, Melville, and their party, meant to make Presbyterianism the established religion of all the British Isles. They were aggressive; but perhaps rough measures were needed by the rough times. Romanists, Episcopalians and Puritans each sought control to the exclusion of all others. The term "Puritan" was applied in ridicule to all who desired

to purify the Church of Christ, and who were agreed, however they differed as to doctrine and polity, in their efforts to gain freedom of conscience. The Puritans asked Queen Elizabeth, and pledged King James to make the Church of England Presbyterian. Through the Long Parliament, in 1643, they bound the nation by the "Solemn League and Covenant," and summoned the Westminster Assembly to establish "one form of church government, one confession of faith, one catechism, and one directory of the worship of God." The result, as stated in Neal's History of the Puritans, (Vol. IV., p. 269,) was that "the Presbyterians came in possession of the whole power of England; the council of state, the chief officers of the army and navy, and the governors of the chief forts and garrisons were theirs; their clergy were in possession of both universities; and the whole government was with the Presbyterians." But he adds that they "were shy of the Independents;" and their system unexpectedly found an implacable foe in Oliver Cromwell. We need not follow the long strife through the Protectorate and the Restoration until the Act of Security was finally passed in the reign of Queen Anne.

But now let us look at Ireland, that busy hive whence so many swarms of emigrants have come to America.

The estates of Tyrone and Tyrconnel were forfeited to the crown during the reign of James the First, including with other lands what is known as the Province of Ulster, which the King farmed out to a set of emigrants from Scotland. It was here, at a later day, that the siege of Londonderry, and the battle of the Boyne gained so conspicuous a place in the annals of freedom. But previous to that memorable siege and battle,

THE SCOTCH-IRISH HAD HEARD OF AMERICA,

and obtained permission to plant a commonwealth to suit themselves in the New World. Accordingly, in 1637, only two years after the founding of Newbury, they chartered a ship named "The Eagle Wing," and sailed from Carrickfergus, near Belfast, directly for the Merrimac, with Rev. Robert Blair and Rev. John Livingstone on board, ready to establish on these very shores a full-rigged system of session, presbytery and synod. The record is that "the sea wrought and was tempestuous, and the storms of heaven compelled them to return."

It cannot be denied that Presbyterianism had a stormy infancy in these colonies. Seventy members of the Westminster Assembly formed a plan for planting settlements in America; but they were foiled by



## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

civil war. The story of the Pilochie pilgrims is touching. They were gathered by Mr. George Scott, at his own expense, and were double the number of those who came in the Mayflower. They were of high standing and social worth; all Presbyterians, with ministers, elders and deacons; with a cargo of Bibles, psalm-books and copies of The Confession of Faith. They set sail for America, but were overtaken by disaster, and found their last resting-place in the ocean's depths. The colony brought over in 1630, by Rev. Richard Denton, was an organized body of English Presbyterians, from Yorkshire. That was ten years after the landing at Plymouth. Denton's colony settled first at Watertown, Mass.; and then at Weathersfield; and Stamford, Conn. In each of those places the local opposition was too strong for them. But they held together, and finally, in 1644, founded a successful colony at Hempstead, Long Island, that still flourishes as the oldest Presbyterian Church in America: in which capacity they send us a greeting, today, being just 102 years older than our church, having celebrated their 250th anniversary two years ago.

Rev. Francis McKemie has been styled the father of American Presbyterianism. He brought a multitude over, beginning in 1682 who formed prosper-

ous churches in Maryland, Virginia, and Pennsylvania, that were afterwards grouped into the "mother Presbytery" of Philadelphia.

A notable fleet of five ships landed 750 passengers in Boston, in 1718, under the leadership of Rev. James MacGregor. A few of them tarried in Boston, joining with other Presbyterians who had been sent over by Cromwell and Charles II., to be sold as slaves till they had worked out the cost of their transportation. These formed the old Federal Street Church, which afterwards became Congregational, and finally, under Dr. Channing, Unitarian, and the precursor of what is now the Arlington Street Church. About 200 others attempted to settle at Worcester; where they also introduced "the Irish Potato"—for which they deserve a national monument. But they had such inhospitable treatment there, and at Andover, Haverhill, and elsewhere, as actually drove them out of the region.\* They joined their comrades who had followed the Rev. James MacGregor to New Hampshire, where, in memory of the famous citadel of Ulster, they founded the town of Londonderry. This was a highly successful undertaking. Their church

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\*It is stated in Lincoln's History of Worcester, that the Scotch-Irish built a church in that city in 1718; but the people "gathered by night, hewed down and demolished the structure," and "persons of consideration and respectability aided in the riotous work."

grew to number 700 members, and ten distinct settlements were made by them; each of which became a town of importance. It is estimated that the living descendents from that one colony, rejected by Massachusetts now exceed 50,000 souls.

The Scotch-Irish of today are a peculiar people. They are strong-bodied, strong-minded, and strong-willed; and therefore self-reliant, industrious, intelligent, courageous to desperation, and faithful unto death. Their rugged energy is tempered by native humor and domestic affection. They formed one third of the population of Pennsylvania at the time of the Revolutionary War; and they gave direction to the South-Atlantic states, where their patriotism found expression in the immortal burst of Patrick Henry, "Give me liberty or give me death." The Scotch-Irish of New Hampshire, seventeen days before the Declaration of Independence was made, getting impatient with the delay, signed a compact themselves to take up arms against British usurpation. Even after that Declaration itself had been adopted by Congress, it would not have been signed but for the determined action of Rev. John Witherspoon, a descendent of sturdy John Knox. That same Declaration, as it now exists, is in the hand-writing of a Scotch-Irishman, Charles Thompson, secretary of

Congress; it was first printed by another Scotch-Irishman, Captain Thomas Dunlap, (who also started the first daily newspaper in America;) and a third Scotch-Irishman, Captain John Nixon, of Philadelphia, first read it to the people.

What especially interests us now is the fact that these tyranny-hating, liberty-loving people, who have led the van as stalwart champions of orthodoxy; who have always stood for the Bible, the Sabbath and the Church, against every foe; are nearly all of them Presbyterians, and form the warp and woof of most of the churches now in the Presbytery of Boston.\*

But it would be an error to say that the early Presbyterians of New England were all of Scotch or Scotch-Irish ancestry.

#### THE ENGLISH PURITANS

were largely Presbyterian, and we are told in Mather's *Magnalia*, that, of the 22,000 emigrants who came over to New England before the year 1640, and to whom the term "forefathers" belongs, no less than 4,000 had previously been Presbyterians in England. The first churches formed in Newbury, Salem, Boston, and many other places, elected Ruling Elders, just as

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\*For more full particulars as to the Scotch-Irish in America, see the reports made on the subject by Prof. S. S. Green, before the American Antiquarian Society, April 24, 1895.

we do now. The famous platforms of Cambridge and Saybrook were strongly tinged by the ideas of doctrine and polity that govern us to-day. In many parishes the terms Congregational and Presbyterian were used indiscriminately. The Hartford Association, in 1799, affirmed that the churches of Connecticut "were never managed after the Congregational manner, but contained the essentials of the Presbyterian Church." And the late Dr. H. M. Dexter, the Nestor of Congregationalism, used to style the early religion of Massachusetts, a "Congregationalized Presbyterianism." By this he meant that the fathers held to the doctrines and rules of the Westminster Assembly for the local church.

The fact was slowly grasped by our sires that America is not a congenial soil for any hierarchy or aristocracy. Not even the inspired Hebrew theocracy could be transplanted to these shores, although the costly experiment was faithfully tried. Knox's plan of Presbyterianism made the General Assembly the fountain of power, whence it flowed graciously down through the Synod, the Presbytery and the Session; and if any drops finally trickled down to the private members of the local church, they ought to be grateful. I say this advisedly. And yet, even in the old "Form of Church-Government, approved by

the Church of Scotland," we find a significant phrase, that was destined to play an important part in the history of New England, and of our own church in particular. It was this: "The Scripture doth hold out *a presbytery in a church.*" And that was the very ground taken by Thomas Parker and James Noyes, the first pastor and first teacher of Newbury. For that principle they most earnestly contended, amid much controversy and opposition. Mr. Noyes published, in London, a large quarto volume, entitled "The Temple Measured," in which he explained and advocated his views of a "presbytery in a church." Admitting that some of his ideas were crude, yet his ground was solid that "the church ought to be a pattern of punctual order." He had a glimpse of the true American theory, which favors neither anarchy nor aristocracy, hierarchy nor theocracy. The word "presbyter" literally means an elder; hence the "presbytery within a church," would mean a body of elders within a church; and that would simply be a session, such as we now have. And if we go further, and hold, in the terms of the Scotch Form of Government, that "many particular congregations may be under one presbyterial government," we retain the distinctly American idea by making each local church a fountain of power, and granting each member of

## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

each local church his sacred rights as such. When the members of any local church choose a session, that act makes it a Presbyterian church; even though it stops there. It is in order for the sessions of neighboring churches to form themselves voluntarily into a Presbytery, and stop there if they choose. Or the Presbyteries may join to constitute a Synod or a General Assembly. Only remember that, according to our theory, and which we hold to agree with the Word of God, the power should always work upward from the people to the higher courts, instead of downward from them to the people. Thus, as Dr. Duffield has admirably said, "American Presbyterianism differs as much from British Presbyterianism, as American liberty differs from British liberty."

The facts thus far given help us to comprehend the

### ORIGIN OF THIS FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

whose anniversary we celebrate. A handful of dissenters, on April 7th, 1746, reverted, after the lapse of a century, to the plan sanctioned by the Scotch Form of Government, and favored by Messrs. Parker and Noyes, and formed "a presbytery within a church." And so strongly did the idea take hold of them that we may assert to-day that, if the Presbytery of Boston, or the Synod of New York, or the

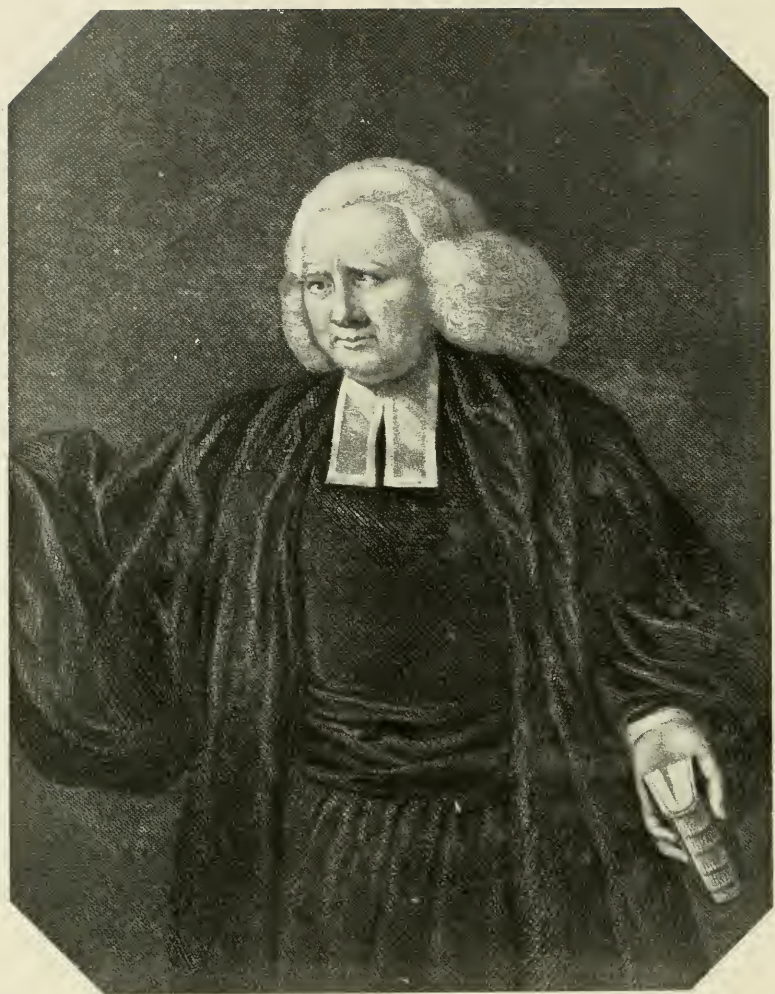
General Assembly of the United States should try to force John Knox's plan upon this congregation, there would be an instant rebellion. We honor the Scotch and Scotch-Irish, but want it understood that our church has been from the very first the unique product of Yankee Presbyterianism. But how did it come about?

The founders explained it as a matter "of both choice and compulsion." To understand this we must remember that, while the Pilgrim Fathers rejected the theory that the Church is to be ruled by the State, they went to the opposite extreme of claiming that the State should be evolved from the Church. Accordingly they divided up the region into parishes, forbade any man building more than half a mile from the meeting house; allowed none but church members to vote; and made all property taxable for the parish. Brave Roger Willams protested, in 1634, that "no one should be bound to worship, or to maintain worship, without his own consent." That seems to us just and sensible; but the Pilgrim Fathers deemed it treason and heresy, and banished the bold Baptist and his comrades. Those of his way of thinking who remained were cowed into submission.

The inevitable result of such despotism in the name of liberty was formality, hypocrisy and torpid-







*George Whitefield.*

## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

ity of religious life. Even of the clergy only a decent morality together with respectable scholarship was required; and a public profession of faith, on the part of church members was dispensed with. It is significant that at about this time the office of ruling elder fell into disuse. It was an era fit for witch trials and scandals. The word went forth from Rev. Increase Mather, the President of Harvard College, that conscientious people would soon "have to gather churches out of churches." This lamentable declension in piety continued till a reaction set in, of which the revival at Northampton was the sign.

## THE COMING OF WHITEFIELD.

Among those who heard of it gladly was a young English evangelist, who had already made his mark in the world, although but twenty-six years of age. He was a preacher who could, at any time and any where, collect in the open air, an audience of many thousands, without offering a single heretical novelty. He was comely, fair, slender, elastic and of medium height. His eyes were dark blue, slightly cast, and his countenance was remarkably expressive. His voice was both melodious and penetrating, with great compass and power; so that, as testified by Ben. Franklin, it could reach twenty-five thousand people

at once. His gestures were incessant, yet eminently graceful, and his hearers were wont to say of him that "he preached like a lion." This wonderful orator, who stirred New England as it has never been stirred by any single voice before or since, was the Rev. George Whitefield. Let us try to picture the locality as it appeared at the time of his advent to this field. The town of Newbury then covered what is now Newburyport and West Newbury, besides the "Old Town" itself. The First Church of Newbury, formed in 1635, was under the pastoral care of the Rev. Christopher Toppan. He was by no means in sympathy with the revival, even carrying a whip with him, as it is alleged, to scourge enthusiasts from the house of prayer. The Second and Fourth churches were on lofty hills, two miles apart, in what is now West Newbury; and their pastors stood aloof from the "Great Awakening." Queen Anne's chapel on the plains, and St. Paul's Episcopal church were under the care of the Rev. Mr. Plant, who regarded what he termed "the new scheme of Methodism" with great surprise, although his successor, Bishop Bass, was one of the pall-bearers at Whitefield's funeral. None of these churches opened their doors to the greatest pulpit orator of any age, when he arrived here in a blinding snow-storm September 30th,

1740.\* An open air meeting was impracticable, and the Third Church was friendly to him who was rejected by all the others. Its pastor, Rev. John Lowell, had for his motto, "*In necessariis, unitas; in non-necessariis, libertas; in omnibus, charitas.*" And in the spirit of that noble motto he welcomed Whitefield. Was it a mere coincidence that the pulpit where the latter preached his first sermon here stood directly over a perennial spring that still bubbles up from the eternal rock? The immediate result of the revival was that one hundred and forty-three souls were added to the Third Church during the next eighteen months; a more remote result was the formation of our First Presbyterian church; and the grand total for New England was that thirty thousand persons were converted under the ministry of Whitefield, Edwards, the Tennants and kindred spirits.

The Third Church, in 1741, had three hundred and fifty-five members and was prosperous. But causes of trouble arose, in 1742, due to itinerants, whose extraordinary measures, in Mr. Lowell's absence, led him to exclude them. Every man in Newbury stood for or against the "New schemers," "New-lights," or "Joppaites," the latter name given it is said because

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\*Not September 10th as stated by both Williams and Coffin; as Whitefield did not land in New England till the 14th of September.

they met "at the house of one Simon by the sea-side;" though they also met in "Mr. John Brown's barn, in Mr. Toppan's parish."

Thirty men with their families withdrew from the First Church, and thirty-eight from the Third Church; and after a while they built a plain but ample chapel that was finished February 15th, 1743, and served as our sanctuary for thirteen years. It stood on Norfolk (now High) street, between Lime street (as since laid out,) and Chandler's lane, afterwards called Prison street, (because the jail was on it,) then King street, and finally Federal street. It was in the "Storey garden," though the exact locality is not known, nor is any picture of the edifice in existence.

From the day of Mr. Lowell till now, when what was the Third Church of Christ has become the "First Religious Society," or the Unitarian Church, it has been the custom to speak of "the Presbyterian schism." We protest. The term implies a division without a justifiable cause and is a term of reproach. There certainly was a separation, and there may have been blame; but not wholly, nor mainly, with the seceders. Their alleged "irregularity" found a precedent in the mode of withdrawal by both the Second and Third churches, at the time of their formation; and their example has been imitated by other







JONATHAN PARSONS,  
1746-1776.



## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

churches formed since then. Our fathers may have erred; but they sought in vain for two years for a fair hearing by a mutual council. And even after resorting to an "*ex parte* council," which decided in their favor, they waited long for some recognition of what would now be universally regarded as their sacred rights. Meanwhile they were ably ministered to by a young man from Byfield, the Rev. Joseph Adams, a graduate from Harvard. He served them as a "stated preacher" for three years, and merits lasting remembrance as having done pioneer work in troublous times, paving the way for the pastors whose names now shine in letters of gold on your mural tablet. Mr. Adams was, however, more zealous than discreet, and by Mr. Whitefield's advice the congregation sought, as their first pastor, the

## REV. JONATHAN PARSONS.

Preparatory, however, to this important step, they formed what was termed, "A New Society for the Settlement of the Gospel Ministry," and signed a subscription list for that purpose, November 25, 1745. The list contains one hundred and two names, many of which have come down to this day by family descent: among them, the familiar names of Titcomb, Noyes, Little, Johnson, Moody, Greenleaf, Brown,

Todd, Coffin, Cresey, Plumer, Poor, Knight, Knapp, Bayley, Safford, Pettingell, Lunt, Hale, Goodwin, and others. Prominence should be given here to Mr. John Brown, who was chosen as church clerk, and Mr. Ralph Cross, who has been styled "the founder of this church." These and other faithful helpers, male and female, gave of their time and money to promote this enterprise, and without them it would not have succeeded.

Nineteen separatists from the First Church signed a mutual covenant, January 3rd, 1746, agreeing to "walk together as a Church of Christ, according to the rules and order of the Gospel." Four days later they called Mr. Parsons, who had for some time been laboring at Lyme, Conn. They were publicly warned against this step, on the ground that he had been formerly lax in theology, and had renounced the Saybrook platform. But inquiry showed that, though once lax, he was now staunch in the faith; and that his reason for discarding the Saybrook platform was because it allowed civil interference with ecclesiastical matters. Hence they went ahead.

A council for installation was out of the question because the churches of the vicinity did not recognize them in fellowship. The so-called "Irish Presbytery," which had existed for several years, was in

ruins; and they literally obeyed the instruction of the Scotch Form of Government, that while "no single congregation that can conveniently associate, do assume to itself all and sole power in ordination;" yet "in extraordinary cases, something extraordinary may be done, until a settled order may be had." That was good Presbyterianism by the only received standard. Hence, on March 19, 1746, Mr. Parsons stood before his flock, with uplifted hand and said: "In the presence of God and these witnesses, I take this people to be my people." And then they arose, and the clerk said on their behalf: "In the presence of God and these witnesses we take this man to be our minister." It was strictly "by the book;" yet was like a Quaker marriage for simplicity and solemnity; and the union thus formed lasted till it was ended by death.

Meanwhile, and in a manner almost as independent, three ministers and three ruling elders, being convened on their own motion at Londonderry, N. H., April 16th, 1745, had decided to constitute themselves as a Presbytery, "to act so far as their circumstances would permit them, etc." Two of these ministers, namely, Rev. John Moorehead, of Boston, and Rev. David MacGregor, of Londonderry, had been suspended from the so-called "Irish Presbytery," on

account of their zeal in espousing the cause of Mr. Whitefield. The third minister, Rev. Robert Abercrombie, of Pelham, Mass., was of the same way of thinking, having just been ordained by a council, consisting of Messrs. Moorehead, MacGregor, Jonathan Edwards and others. Our church was in sympathy with this movement, and voted, April 5th, 1746, to unite with it; and accordingly, two days later, namely, on April 7th, 1746, they completed their organization by electing six ruling elders to act as a Session. On the 9th of June the seceders from the Third Church asked for admission without credentials, and they were received on the 16th of October.

It is not strange that we hesitated a while before joining the new Presbytery of Boston, made up as it was of the fragments of its predecessor, and constituted by its own order. But it was finally done, October 4th, 1748, with certain "reserved rights." As a good deal has been said about these conditions, we may add that they were simply these: (1.) That the Presbytery should satisfy us as to its coming off from the former one;\* (2.) That they should really wish to receive this church; (3.) That "they make no difficulty about our choosing our elders annually,"

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\*The first Presbytery of Londonderry, though moribund, did not actually become extinct by depletion till a later date. Hence the propriety of this inquiry.

## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

(the custom elsewhere being to elect them for life;) (4.) That they do not bind us respecting the form of administering and receiving the sacraments; and (5.) That they "accept the great doctrines of Grace, as contained in the Westminster Confession of Faith and Catechisms." These conditions were made by a vote of this church, September 15, 1748; and were unanimously agreed to by the Presbytery.

It may be added that, in 1802, during Dr. Dana's ministry, this church unanimously voted to adopt the constitution and form of government of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, "reserving only its established practice of electing its elders annually."

The record reads that we joined the Presbytery "both by choice and by compulsion." The latter phrase refers to the fact that there was no other way of escaping the double taxation then sanctioned by colonial law. The First and Third parishes insisted that we were a "misguided band;" that what we called "conscience," was but "avarice;" that we had no right to exist. A parchment yellow with age is extant, being an authentic copy of our petition to "The King's Most Excellent Majesty" relating that Presbyterians were unjustly forced, in addition to supporting their own minister, to pay "for the

support of ministers on whose ministry they cannot in conscience attend;" and that, upon refusal to pay such unjust taxes, "honest and peaceable men have been hauled away to prison, to their great hurt and damage;" and praying for "equal liberty of conscience in worshipping God" that had already been granted to others.

As it has been doubted if this petition signed by Jonathan Greenleaf, Ralph Cross and others, was ever sent to the King, let me say that I find in a letter by Rev. Mr. Parsons himself the statement that Mr. Partridge was their "agent before the King in Council," in the matter of showing this petition. In this same letter, which was written in 1749 to Col. Elisha Williams, then in London, Mr. Parsons says of his flock, that they are not "a wild, friekish people," but avoid "an apish sort of religion;" that they are honest and industrious, with some wealthy members, but "with more poor widows than all the other congregations in town put together," "left so by the death of their husbands in the Cape Breton expedition." Yet he complains that, for refusing to pay taxes to ministers on whose ministry they never attended, they were "dragged about upon the ground," "dressed up in bear-skins and worried," were thrown upon carts, hauled through the streets, and imprisoned

with a "Lie there till you have paid the utmost farthing." He urges Col. Williams to use his influence with His Majesty and to assure him that he has no more dutiful and loyal subjects than "those who are trampled on in the manner related."

These efforts brought only slight relief; and it was not till 1773, or thirty years after beginning to worship on High street, that, by an act of the General Court, they were put on a footing with other denominations. Thus a century from the landing of the "Hector" at the mouth of the Merrimac, with a colony led by those pioneer Presbyterians, Parker and Noyes, expressly "to enjoy the free exercise of their religion," was that priceless liberty secured for their descendants. And even then it took some time to enforce the right granted by law, as appears from the record in our Parish book, in 1786: "Voted, to defend those in Newbury who are taxed there that belong to this church." And Newbury did not formally concede our rights till 1795. That was more than fifty years after our withdrawal! Such persistent and oppressive coercion can only be explained on the ground that, while Congregationalists, Episcopalians, Baptists and Quakers had rights, Presbyterians had none; and indeed had no right to be Presbyterians at all!

What wonder that "the low and vulgar" dared to revile Whitefield and Parsons, and pelt them with stones, clods and other missiles, as they walked these streets, and even as they entered the doors of this sanctuary. It is hard to realize these facts; and they can be accounted for only on the theory that the Congregational fathers, while claiming the right to worship God in their own way, were by no means willing to accord that right to others who were not of their way of thinking.\*

After all, the infant church moulded by Jonathan Parsons and George Whitefield, thrived on persecution and unmingled orthodoxy. The pastorate of Mr. Parsons spanned thirty years. He was peculiarly fitted for his place and work. Eminently scholarly

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\*Certain dates may here be given. Newburyport was incorporated in 1764. The First Presbyterian society, though formed in 1745, and gaining recognition by legislative acts in 1752 and 1770, was not made a distinct corporation with legal power to tax pews and estates, till the act passed by the Legislature, Feb. 22, 1794. According to Rev. Mr. Williams (Hist. Account, page 28,) the First Presbyterian Church was incorporated in 1815; adding in a note, "A copy of the act of incorporation of this Church may be found upon the record." The first Baptist church in the Bay colony was formed in 1664; the first Episcopal church in 1686; a Society of Friends gained recognition in 1710; the first Roman Catholic church in the colony was formed in 1789; the first Methodist Episcopal in 1795. King's Chapel, Boston, became Unitarian in 1785, previous to which the law regarded it as blasphemy to deny the doctrine of the Trinity. The very first Presbyterian meeting house built in New England was in Boston in 1716, by French Huguenots, who had for some years been allowed to worship in the school house on School street. They disbanded in 1748, and contrary to agreement their house was sold to the Roman Catholics in 1785. Peter Fanueil, Esq., who built the famous hall that bears his name, and gave it to the town, is said to have belonged to that Huguenot congregation.



and maintaining a correspondence with leading men of this and other lands, he was also a fervid revivalist and a man of affairs; choleric and passionate, he was ever swift to make amends; fond of fine clothes, ruffled shirt fronts and gold lace galore, he was also devotedly pious and wonderfully prevalent in prayer; with a beauty of face almost feminine in loveliness, as we may judge by his portrait, his blue eyes were piercing and his expression commanding, while his voice was under admirable control for majestic, persuasive or pathetic effects as occasion might require: as a whole a remarkable combination of contrasted characteristics.

No wonder that Whitefield loved him! You all know the story of the great evangelist's departure. After a month of unexampled labors he sought the house of his friend, the next but one to our meeting-house, and after evening prayers he found the street crowded with people who wanted to hear him preach. He halted on the stairway, candle in hand, on the way to what proved to be his dying-chamber and ceased not to exhort them with tearful eyes till his candle burned away and went out in its socket. At six o'clock the next morning, Sunday, Sept. 30, 1770, he entered Heaven. He was at his own request, buried beneath the pulpit of this church, where it had

been his intention to preach the very day of his death.

An immense concourse attended his funeral; harbor guns were fired, flags hung at half-mast, and thrice all the bells were tolled for half-an-hour. Whitefield was buried "in gown, cassock, bands and wig," though these relics vanished long ago. Near him in the crypt rests Mr. Parsons, who died in 1776, the very day the Declaration of Independence arrived here. There too lies Rev. Joseph Prince, the intimate friend of Whitefield and Parsons. He often preached in this house, and was admired for his wonderful gifts, as well as pitied for his blindness. For a number of years his sermons averaged ten a week, and he visited all parts of New England, New York and New Jersey, but finally held several successive pastorates, in which he was greatly blessed. I have heard it said that he was childless, but it is a mistake; he was married and had twelve sons and one daughter. Mr. Murray preached his funeral sermon, after which the body was laid in the crypt. But when Murray himself died he refused to be buried there. Hence it has been left altogether to the three friends, Whitefield, Parsons and Prince.

The cenotaph near by was erected by Hon. William Bartlett, after a design by Strickland, executed by Struthers; and the inscription, that has since been

## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

reverently read by so many thousands, was by Professor Ebenezer Porter, D. D., of Andover Seminary. (So stated in Belcher's Biography of Whitefield, p. 443.)

REV. JOHN MURRAY.

There could hardly be a stronger contrast than that between the Rev. Jonathan Parsons and his successor. Mr. Murray was born at Antrim, Ireland, May 22, 1742, and was graduated with honor from the University of Edinburgh, at a very early age. He entered the gospel ministry when only eighteen years of age; but an irregularity about his certificate of licensure embittered and limited an otherwise noble life. He came to America in 1763, and after visiting New York and other places, he was ordained as Rev. Gilbert Tennant's successor over the Second Presbyterian church in Philadelphia. The people of Boothbay, Maine, urged a call upon him so strongly that, notwithstanding his brilliant success at Philadelphia and the unattractive nature of Boothbay, where there had never been either church or minister, he accepted their offer, and gathered a church said to have been the largest in the State. His popularity was very great. Wherever he went he drew such crowds that, at times the meeting-house had to be "shored up" to prevent its being rent asunder.

Mr. Murray ardently espoused the patriotic side of the Revolutionary War, was a member, and for a time president of the provincial Congress, and several anecdotes are recorded of his courage. The British fleet pilfered from his parishioners, and remonstrances were in vain. Then Murray donned his big wig, bands and gown, went aboard the flag-ship and read the Commodore such a philippic as ended the controversy. But later a price of five hundred guineas was set on his head by the British Government. This peril had its influence in making him yield to the repeated overtures that had already come to him from Newburyport. An effort had been made in 1769 to get him as Mr. Parsons' colleague. But the Boothbay men refused to give him up, though recognizing our people as the "patrons and friends of oppressed truth in the worst of times" and nobly struggling through "a torrent of persecution."

Messrs. Moorehead and Parsons disagreed as to Mr. Murray; which was the beginning of a strife that parted brethren, and hindered the formation of the Synod of New England. Undoubtedly Mr. Parsons was in the right, and he was so regarded by the Presbytery. He had written to England and satisfied himself that aside from early irregularities fully atoned for, the charges against Murray were

groundless. One effect of this controversy was the creation of the Presbytery of the Eastward, June 27, 1771, of which Murray was "the father and vitalizing force." The Synod formed four years later, and lasting only six years, aimed to cover all New England and to come into association with existing synods in other parts of the country; but it was launched in troublous times and failed of its praiseworthy purpose. It was really but a continuation of the old Presbytery of Boston, subdivided into three presbyteries of Londonderry, Palmer and Salem, which latter presbytery became its legal successor.\* Unfortunately the synod rejected the Presbytery of

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\*The following dates will be found at least approximately correct: The first Presbytery of Londonderry, or the so-called "Irish Presbytery," was formed in 1729 and expired in 1781. It held tenaciously to the Scotch forms and customs. The first Presbytery of Boston lasted from 1745 to 1776, when it practically became the Synod of New England, turned again, in 1782, into the Presbytery of Salem that lasted till 1791. The life of the Presbytery of the Eastward was from 1771 to 1794. The Presbytery of Grafton, including mainly New Hampshire churches, was from 1775 to 1815. In 1794 the new Presbytery of Londonderry was formed, that absorbed the Presbytery of the Eastward, and lasted till 1870. The Presbytery of Newburyport was organized in 1826, and maintained a separate existence till 1847, when it joined the Presbytery of Londonderry. This latter name, was changed, by act of the General Assembly, in 1871, to the Presbytery of Boston; which at this time includes forty-two churches and sixty-two ministers, and covers all New England, except Connecticut. As nearly as can be determined amid this tangled complication, the First Presbyterian Church of Newburyport, which joined the Presbytery of Boston, Oct. 4 1748, remained in it till its expansion into the Synod of New England in 1776; then probably joined the Presbytery of the Eastward, with which it was identified till 1793; then in the Presbytery of Londonderry from 1794 to 1825; in the Presbytery of Newburyport from 1826 to 1847: in that of Londonderry again from 1848 to 1870; since when it has been in the Presbytery of Boston. Forty graduates of Andover Seminary were ordained by the Presbytery of Newburyport.

the Eastward, which also seems to have caused our church to stand aloof; although this is not easy of proof as no records remain of the three presbyteries named above. I judge that our church, after wavering awhile, cast in its lot with the Presbytery of the Eastward, as I find a record of that body's meeting here, although our name does not appear on the roll of its churches.

After Mr. Parsons' death came a dreary vacancy for five years, and then they made another and a successful call for Mr. Murray. His translation hither, in 1781, made Newburyport "the Banner Church of the Presbytery." It was no calumny to style the closing days of the Revolutionary War "the worst of times," if we may judge from the statements made in an odd little duodecimo with the peculiar title: "BATH-KOL," meaning the "daughter of a voice," or "a voice from the wilderness." It was further described as "an humble attempt to support the sinking truths of God against some of the principal errors raging at this time." What those raging errors were, we are informed in the vivid pictures drawn of prevalent atheism, deism, heresy, Sabbath-breaking, blasphemy, intemperance and gross immorality and dishonesty. The book was from the pen of Parson Murray, but it was published by the authority of the





JOHN MURRAY,  
1781—1793.



DANIEL DANA,  
1794—1820.



SAMUEL P. WILLIAMS,  
1821—1826.



Presbytery of the Eastward, with an exhortation to special measures of reform.

One way insisted on was a faithful visitation of every family in every parish, not only by the pastor but also by the elders. The list of heart-searching questions prepared for such visits by Mr. Murray were such as would hardly now be tolerated, and they must have been fruitful of great good at that time. Their aim was to heal divisions, promote family piety, give instruction in the Bible and catechism, and to secure the early conversion of children. As a result of such fidelity this church was saved at a crisis when many larger ones were down in disgrace and obscurity.

Murray's oratory was powerful, and his published sermons are master-pieces of colonial eloquence. He never preached less than an hour, and often exceeded two hours; yet held his hearers so that they could not leave, even letting the Thanksgiving dinner spoil, rather than lose any of his fervid words.

But finally a divided sentiment arose by the advent of a missionary from Lady Huntingdon's school, Rev. Charles W. Milton, who, at Mr. Murray's suggestion, was temporarily employed as his assistant during a period of ill-health in 1791, and who captivated a part of the congregation that they w

drew. Judicial process followed with the approval of the Presbytery; and on the next sacramental Sabbath, Parson Murray publicly "fenced the table" against the "covenant-breakers," as he styled them. The latter, after worshipping awhile in a private house, the building now known as 13 Milk street, organized as the "Independent Calvinistic Society," with Mr. Milton as pastor, and with a body of ruling elders as a session. Legally they became the "Fourth Religious Society," or as it is popularly known, the Prospect Street Congregational Church.

REV. DANIEL DANA, D. D.

Still another division shortly ensued over the settlement of Mr. Murray's successor, the Rev. Daniel Dana, D. D., in June, 1794. The remonstrants, thirty-three in number, retired without a regular dismissal, and set up a Second Presbyterian Church, which was duly organized by the Londonderry Presbytery, October 29, 1795. Their ground of dissatisfaction, remonstrance, and ultimately of withdrawal, was the notion that Dr. Dana was theologically unsound; when in reality he was as firm as the Rock of Gibraltar. With them went most of the Session, the clerk, the treasurer, the funds, and the records—the latter however being restored after many years.

## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Here it may be stated, for the honor of religion, that "healing acts" were subsequently passed concerning all the schisms by which the Church of Christ had been torn in this community. Rev. Leonard Withington took great pains to effect an amicable settlement of all the difficulties between the First Church of Newbury and the First Presbyterian Church; which was done by mutual conference and unanimous resolutions passed by both bodies, October 17, 1816. The censures that our own church had felt obliged to lay on those who withdrew irregularly to form the Prospect Street Church and the Second Presbyterian Church, were lifted after time had somewhat softened the asperities of the separation. And now, at this late day, and amid the festivities of this anniversary, comes the graceful action taken officially by the Third Church, (the First Religious Society), recognizing us as "*rectus in ecclesia.*" Thus peace at last prevails between the mother churches and sister churches of our beloved city, and long may it continue!

Concerning matters of controversy it should be remembered, however, that the fathers fought for cherished principles. Theirs were earnest souls; and "Calvinism," "Pelagianism," "Arminianism," "Socinianism," and "Arianism," were so many war-cries

of battles that had to be fought. Then again, laws framed for the right became by perversion weapons of oppression. Discontented members found it hard to get satisfaction, dismissal, or exemption from legal liabilities. One after another the various denominations wrenched from the courts that very right for which the War of the Revolution was fought, namely, exemption from taxation without representation. And we think they did well to make peace with each other, on all hands, after the dust and smoke of battle had cleared away. And the same may be said of other controversies that were inevitable in a formative state of society.

So far as Dr. Dana was concerned, the singular misunderstanding as to his orthodoxy probably arose from the high degree of literary finish with which he clothed the rugged old Calvinistic truths. Men accustomed to harsher ways of expression did not at first understand his suavity, nor see that he was their champion. They saw this so clearly at a later day, as to induce them to call him to serve, for twenty years, as pastor of the identical body that had originally withdrawn on his account.

Dr. Dana was a forcible preacher, a clear expounder of the Word, a sympathetic pastor, an authority on the classics and polite literature, and withal a

keen controversialist. The latter was an enviable gift at a time when, as Dr. Vermilye remarks, "The town was an epitome of New England. Scarcely any two churches maintained communion with each other; and of six ministers of near denominational complexion, no two agreed in theology." Harvard College had drifted away from its motto, "*Christo et Ecclesiae*;" and there was a demand for an orthodox theological seminary. The Calvinistic host was divided between those who held to the unmixed teachings of Geneva, and those whose views had been modified by Hopkins and others of his school. Both wings started simultaneously theological seminaries in Essex county, that were coalesced into Andover Seminary; and their compromise creed was what is now popularly known as "Orthodoxy," in distinction from so-called "Liberal Christianity." Dr. Dana was from the first a trustee of Andover, and fought hard to keep the seminary sound in the faith. I spare you the details of the controversy between Dana and Woods; but it shows that Old Andover, as well as New Andover, was a "storm centre."

Dr. Dana was greatly interested in Sunday schools. Probably the first Sunday school in America was started at Roxbury, in 1674, but it was short-lived and we barely know of its existence. The first to be organ-

ized in a purely religious and voluntary form was started by Rev. Robert Steele, a pioneer Presbyterian of Pittsburgh, in 1800. The first two of that kind in Massachusetts were started here under Dr. Dana's ministry, and by members of this church. One formed in 1814, in our former chapel on Beck street, was under the direction of Miss Ann Wheelwright, with Miss Dolly Greenleaf, and Miss Eliza Gould as assistants. The other school, though held in the chapel of the North Congregational Church, was organized by Miss Phoebe Harrod, a member of the Old South Church, with the help of the Misses Farnham and Carter. The first public address made on the subject was by Dr. Dana before eight hundred children and youth gathered by the "Newburyport Sabbath School and Tract Society," which dates from November 23, 1817, and whose neatly kept records are in our Pastoral Library. The First Religious Society withdrew from the union in 1824, and others at a later day, the society being disbanded in 1835. This organization, it will be observed, antedated by several years, the national societies started at New York and Philadelphia, in creating which our local society had an important share.

The fact is also memorable that some of the first missionaries sent out by the American Board were

ordained in our church. The first five, Newell, Judson, Hall, Nott and Rice were set apart in the Tabernacle of Salem, (which originally belonged to the Presbytery of Salem;) but the second set, namely, Samuel J. Mills, James Richards, Edward Warren, Benjamin C. Meigs, Horatio Bardwell and Daniel Poor, were ordained in the First Presbyterian Church of Newburyport, and Dr. Dana gave them their ordination charge. Dr. Cornelius preached a missionary sermon here the next year, and took a collection of \$230, which he said was the largest single offering that had thus far been made to the cause of missions. Dr. Dana was among the promoters of the Merrimac Bible Society, the Merrimac Humane Society, the Female Charitable Society, and other benevolent associations.

In 1820 Dr. Dana accepted a call to the presidency of Dartmouth College. Subsequently he served the church at Londonderry for four or five years, and then returned to this city as pastor for twenty years of the Second Presbyterian Church. His remains repose in the Oak Hill Cemetery, and his memory is fragrant in our hearts. His published discourses were numerous and constitute a valuable part of the religious literature of New England.

REV. SAMUEL P. WILLIAMS.

After Dr. Dana's departure a unanimous call was given, in 1821, to Rev. Samuel P. Williams, whose ministry was ended by death in 1826. He was born at Weathersfield, Conn., in 1779, and sprang from a distinguished ancestry. He was moreover a precocious youth, being graduated with honor from Yale College at the early age of 17 years. For some time he was a merchant. But after his conversion, in 1803, he studied theology with president Dwight, and also with Dr. Howard, of Springfield, with whom he was invited to act as a colleague-pastor. He decided, however, to accept a call to Mansfield, with the understanding that he should be silent as to the Unitarian controversy. But after two years of such silence he felt impelled to try to convince his people of the Deity of Christ, with the result that after a long struggle, his ministry was closed in that place. Yet the fact should be noted, as a proof of his diligence, that during those ten years Mr. Williams preached nine hundred sermons. Pardon me for also mentioning the fact that my great-grand-parents were among his parishioners in Mansfield, and helped him fight his battles for orthodoxy.

The impression left in Newburyport is that Mr. Williams was a strong, pungent and even blunt



preacher, ploughing the fallow field from which others were to reap a rich harvest. Yet others testify that his burning words were spoken with a melodious voice, and with such a profusion of illustrations as to win those whom another might have repelled. He bought no man's friendship by deceit; nor did he ever screen his own faults by hypocrisy. He was mighty in the Scriptures, and had many souls given him as seals of his ministry. His perfect transparency of character convinced even scoffers that he was sincere. He might wisely have been more suave and flexible, without sacrificing the truth; but we cannot withhold our tribute of respect from a man who was so determined to purge the church of all dross and to make it shine as pure gold\*

His last sickness was lingering and painful, but he "died in the harness." His fidelity to duty made him continue to preach even when his bodily feebleness obliged him to deliver his message while sitting in a chair instead of standing in the pulpit. Thus he gave his final sermon on Thanksgiving Day, 1826; and it is significant that his topic was "The Value of

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\*The last exchange of pulpits between the Presbyterian and Unitarian ministers here was in 1823, when Mr. Williams, in an exchange with Mr. Andrews, took advantage of the occasion to preach a strong Trinitarian sermon that led to a sharp controversy. It may be doubted, however, if the First Religious Society became decided in its stand until the days of Mr. Fox, who sought for a middle ground between Calvinism and Parkerism.

Life." Even in that hour the seal of death was on his brow, and within a month he died, triumphant in the faith to which he had been so steadfast and loyal. When Dr. Withington broke the news to him that he was soon to die, Mr. Williams said: "I trust in my Savior alone; the purposes of God are right, and I have no wish to alter them." That impressive testimony was characteristic of the man.

#### THE PASTORATES OF DRS. PROUDFIT AND STEARNS

belong to the domain to be traversed by another. But a few words may not be amiss here. Both men had many friends and deserved them. Dr. Proudfit was born at Salem, N. Y., in 1803, and graduated at Union, in 1821. He was distinguished as a classical scholar, a fine writer, abounding in delightful thoughts apt to be absorbed in his meditations but when aroused excelled in conversation, and was an excellent pastor. His friends styled him "the beloved John."

A grand enterprise was undertaken early in the ministry of Dr. Proudfit, being nothing less than the erection of a "Monumental Temple," in honor of Whitefield. Subscriptions amounting to several thousand dollars were obtained, and the pastor was to solicit the remainder in England. But for some reason the project did not meet with due encourage-

ment. Next it was voted to build a brick church on the site of this edifice. But it was finally concluded to let the old meeting-house stand, only repairing and modernizing it to some degree. This was done in 1829; and again and still further in 1856. There was a proviso that if this was done "the proprietors should sell all their right and title to the Society."

A plan of the old meeting-house, as it appeared before these alterations were made, is to be seen hanging on the wall of our chapel, and it has some unique features. When erected it was said to be the largest church building in New England; and the parish at one time included two thousand souls. The frame-work of the structure was of white oak from the farms of the members. The wrought iron nails came from England. The raising took three days, on which occasion Rev. John Moorehead of Boston preached. It was first occupied regularly for worship in August, 1756; and the next week the chapel on High street was taken down. The plan shows the audience room to have been larger than it is now, being ninety feet long by sixty-three feet broad, with towers at each end, making the entire length one hundred and twenty-four feet. The front door was on School street, from which a broad aisle ran to the pulpit, which was then on the East side. Two other

narrower ones ran from East to West, and five from North to South. There were one hundred and forty square pews with seats all around and a chair in the middle. These seats were on hinges, which were lifted during prayers and dropped with a loud noise at the "Amen." The Elders' pew was in front of the pulpit, with the seat for the Deacons in front of that and lower down. The seat for the sexton was at the side of the pulpit, whence he could conveniently hand his regular batch of notices to the pastor. The tything-men occupied rear seats and carried their official rods, (still kept as relics) whereby to strike the rebellious youth with awe. Special seats were set apart for the negroes. A huge canopy, or sounding-board was hung by iron rods from the attic and over-shadowed the pulpit and official pews. The stairways to the three broad galleries were in the towers; and at one time a public library was kept in one of the towers. As long ago as 1767 the parish voted to "put in seats for ye singers" in the gallery; and two years later they voted to make "additional seats for ye singing women."

#### FACTS FROM THE OLD RECORDS.

Some curious things have been unearthed from the records of the parish, and other sources, and the

mine is by no means exhausted. The service of sacred praise was long a fruitful subject of contention in colonial New England. The Scotch churches used what is known as Rouse's Version of the Psalms of David; while the Congregational churches mainly used "The Bay State Version" made by Elliot, Mather and Weld. This church, however, from the first preferred the version made by Dr. Isaac Watts, and afterwards enlarged by Dr. Worcester of Salem, into what was known as "Watts and Select." The Presbytery contented itself with recommending this version "as well adapted to the New Testament Church," which was more judicious than it might have been to try to compel churches to adopt Watts in preference to Rouse. The custom at first was to "deacon the hymn," that is to have a precentor lead, first reading two lines, the congregation following as best they might, everybody singing whether in tune or out of tune. At Londonderry, as late as 1802, an article in the annual warrant was "to see if the Parish will agree to have the singing carried on in future without reading the line." It was referred to the Session, which formed a choir, who on the next Sunday rode right over the precentor as he vainly strove to maintain his ancient rights.

In our parish the better way was chosen, in 1807, of making a liberal appropriation "for a singing school for the benefit of the church" previous to which it is said that a few old tunes had to do service on all occasions, twisted in every imaginable way. Dr. Dana did much to improve the church music. In his day the singing was led by Mr. William Woods, who was also helped by the clarionet and violoncello. Dr. Dana preached and lectured on sacred music and helped to organize a musical society for the Merrimac valley. In 1833 the parish purchased a pipe organ which has long been regarded as one of the best in the region. A well-worn copy of the "Revival Melodies" has been handed me by one of our oldest members, with the assurance that it was used at early evangelistic meetings, and caused excitement as an innovation. It contained such melodies as "The Morning Light is Breaking;" "I Would Not Live Away;" "O Turn Ye, O Turn Ye;" "When Shall We Meet Again?" and similar songs that then had the charm of novelty.

For seventy years those who crowded this church depended on foot-stoves altogether for warmth in winter; while the minister preached in his ample cloak, and wore gloves with a finger and thumb cut off to enable him the better to turn the leaves. A

law was made allowing the sexton twenty cents for each foot-stove that he had to fill before service and remove afterwards. A great sensation was made in 1819 by the introduction of wood stoves at an outlay of \$100. The first day they were in place the people were so overcome that some of them fainted away and were carried out of the house; but they revived on learning that as yet no fires had been kindled in the new stoves. The doors of the stoves opened into the ample vestibule, where the custom continued of ranging the many foot-stoves in a wide circle to be filled with live coals from the stove. In 1856 coal stoves replaced the wood-stoves; and when these had burned out, furnaces were introduced in 1868, although by some a preference was shown for steam-heat.

In 1810 the land adjoining the meeting-house was bought, on which a chapel was erected at the cost of \$300. This was the old brick chapel on Beck street, where the first Sunday School was started in 1814. The building was sold to the Roman Catholics and removed to Charles street in 1843, thus becoming the birthplace of that organization which has since grown to such size by the influx of elements favorable to its tenets. A new chapel was built by us in 1843, fronting on School street. It was afterwards enlarged

and joined with the main edifice by connecting halls. A memorial class-room was added in 1885, at the instance of the late Dr. Frank A. Hale, who was at that time the Sunday School Superintendent.

It was in this chapel that a church was organized in connection with the labors of Rev. John W. Emerson, a member of our church, and a graduate from Amherst College and Princeton Seminary. That was January 1st, 1850, and at the evening services, held in the main room, there was a great congregation. This youngest daughter of the First Presbyterian Church—I think we may greet her as such, although many members were drawn from another church—took the name of the Whitefield Church. This has often caused confusion in the minds of strangers, who naturally expect to find the relics of the great evangelist where his name is found.

#### THE CULMINATION OF OUR CHURCH.

It is no disparagement to the congregation of to-day for us to concede that thus far in its history our church reached its high water mark during the pastorates of Drs. Stearns, Vermilye and Richardson, that is during the period of thirty-three years between 1835 and 1868. By agreement with our beloved guest, Dr. Vermilye this field is to be left for him to



cover in his reminiscences. For the same reason I deny myself the pleasure of giving many of those personal anecdotes and bits of romance and humor that add fragrance and spice to the otherwise dry details of history. I must also for other reasons forbear from entering the wide range of collateral history, concerning the civic, mercantile, commercial, political and educational career of our beautiful city by the sea; in all which our fathers shared like true men of enterprise, loyal citizens and brave soldiers, but which belongs to the general history of the community, rather than to any one congregation.

I knew Dr. Stearns personally, and loved him, as a boy might love the life-long friend of his father. The two men were always intimate and interchanged visits; and no other minister whom I ever saw left so vivid an impression of pure, spiritual loveliness, as was left on me by Dr. Stearns, that saintly man of God. After a fruitful and happy pastorate of fourteen years he resigned to accept a call to the Fourth Presbyterian Church of Newark, N. J. At one time he was the Moderator of the General Assembly, and enjoyed many other merited honors. His address at the consecration of Oak Hill Cemetery, and his centennial address in 1846, were models of clearness, elegance and pathos.

Of the seventh pastor, Dr. Vermilye, it might be more easy to speak were he not by my side. There is no need of our praising his ability as a minister of the Word, his loyalty as a champion of the truth, his vigilance as a pastor, his urbanity and culture as a christian gentleman, for all this is already and widely known. His ministry here had a somewhat stormy beginning because a faction was determined to change the ancient constitution of the church. But when that question had been settled the clouds cleared away, and no pastor ever succeeded better in winning and keeping the affection of his flock, or in extending a beneficent influence beyond its limits. We admire, honor and love this eminent servant of Christ, and pray that many happy years may be added to his earthly life before he enters on his heavenly reward.

Many of the most important improvements in the appearance of the meeting-house were made during his pastorate; especially the substitution of the long windows for those smaller ones that made the building look like a two-story structure; and the elegant frescoing on the walls and ceiling that so many visitors have admired. It is to his fondness for historical research that we are indebted for much valuable material that else might have been lost forever.

## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Under the ministry of Rev. Richard H. Richardson this church lost none of its former prestige and influence. Those were the palmy days when "a sea-captain sat at the end of every pew down the broad aisle," and when men were fortunate who could secure a pew anywhere in the sanctuary. Dr. Richardson came here after a varied ministry in Chicago, Rochester and elsewhere; and when he left this field, in 1868, it was to accept a call to an important charge in Trenton, N. J., where he spent twenty years of active and honorable service. His later years were spent in literary pursuits, particularly as one of the editors of the "Standard English Dictionary." His death took place in 1892; and his remains rest in our beautiful Oak Hill Cemetery. The story of his life may be found, together with numerous tributes from appreciative friends, in an exquisite memorial volume prepared as a labor of love by one who knew and loved him best. His ardor as a patriot, brilliancy as a pulpit orator, sympathy and generosity as a pastor, and diligence as a scholar, combined to make him a man widely known and universally beloved.

## THE LATER PASTORS.

The Rev. Charles S. Durfee, born at South Dedham, in 1844, graduated from Williams College and

Hartford Seminary, came to this pastorate as his first settlement, and after four years of faithful ministry accepted a call to Troy, N. Y. Subsequent labors were at Geneseo, Liverpool and East Bloomfield, where he died, December 24, 1887, lamented by his many friends. His memorial by Rev. S. A. Freeman, speaks of him as "a Puritan of Puritan stock, with a Puritan's keen discernment of right and wrong, the Puritan's strong attachment to the right as he saw it, and the Puritan's intense aversion to whatever he believed to be wrong, whether in himself or others, in public or in private life." It cannot be denied that his out-spoken frankness excited antagonism from which he might otherwise have been spared. He was a firm champion of righteous reform; his last public act was to vote the Prohibition ticket; and his dying charge to his sons was that they should do their full share in what he regarded as the great struggle between the kingdom of Christ and of Satan. Yet the testimony of his co-laborers was that he was determined everywhere and at all hazards to "preach Jesus Christ, and him crucified."

We have so recently and in the most public manner observed the obsèques of Rev. William Newell, Jr., who followed Mr. Durfee, as to make it hardly necessary for me now to do more than to remind

you of what was then said as to his excellent qualities as a man and a minister. His pastorate extended from May, 1874, to June 1880, when waning health made it necessary for him to seek a foreign clime, and his remaining work in life was done amid the American students in Paris, France. The prime aim of his ministry here and elsewhere was to win souls; and in that work he was eminently successful. He was welcome everywhere, among the most refined and the roughest; fond of the sea and a favorite with fishermen; generous to the poor, and systematic in his liberality; eminently Scriptural in his sermons, and always aiming at immediate results, it is not to be wondered at that he gathered many converts. He showed rare tact in dealing with the types of character found in this unique community. He was one of the promoters, if not among the founders of the Young Men's Christian Association here.\* And indeed it is not too much to say that his zeal cost him

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\*The Young Men's Christian Association in Newburyport was originally started under Dr. Richardson's pastorate, with Philip H. Lunt, president, James Horton, secretary, and George H. Stevens, treasurer. It was formed mainly for evangelistic work, and had its head-quarters in the second story of 13 Market Square. It was re-organized, in its present form, during Mr. Newell's ministry, March 31, 1874, and held its meetings in the same locality. There was a long break, between 1877 and 1883, when it took a new lease of life with Dr. F. A. Hale as president, and Alexander Dixon as vice-president. From that time to this it has had a course of uninterrupted activity. In fixing dates by the above pastorates it is not meant to claim any more than belongs to us as sharers in a work that concerned the religious public generally.

his health and shortened a pastorate that his people would have gladly prolonged. His mantle has fallen on his three sons, who are consecrated to the Gospel ministry. The entire period of Mr. Newell's labors in Paris covered sixteen years. At first he was active in the McCall Mission, but afterwards he ministered in St. Luke's Episcopal Chapel, better known as the "Students' Church" which was built up by his agency in the Latin Quarter, where his funeral took place, and whence his remains were carried to repose in Montparnasse cemetery.

His successor here was Rev. Charles C. Wallace, D. D., who was installed in 1881, and resigned in 1888. Dr. Wallace was decidedly a New York man. He was born in that city June 3, 1832; was a graduate of the New York University, and of Union Seminary; was ordained by the Third Presbytery of New York; received his honorary doctorate from Rutgers College; held three pastorates in the State of New York before coming to Newburyport, besides one in New Jersey, and one in California; and twice he had the honor of serving as the Moderator of the Synod of New York. Dr. Wallace was an earnest worker in the ministry, a staunch defender of orthodoxy, and held tenaciously to his convictions on every subject. He was a frequent writer for the

religious journals and magazines, and several of his sermons appeared in pamphlet form. His history of Presbyterianism in New England, still in manuscript, is unquestionably the most complete work of the kind yet prepared, and through the kindness of his family it has been freely consulted in the preparation of this discourse. Dr. Wallace's health failed about the time that he left here, and he died, December 22, 1889, at Westfield, N. J. His family reside at Newbury, Vermont.

Next came the Rev. Brevard D. Sinclair, a native of Charlotte, N. C., who began public life as a lawyer, but after a few years decided to enter the ministry. Accordingly he studied theology at Allegheny and at Princeton, being graduated from the latter Seminary in 1887. He preached for two years at Fowlerville, N. Y., and then accepted a call to Newburyport, where he was installed May 1, 1889. He resigned in 1892, and went to the Pacific coast, where he was employed in ministerial work first at Seattle, Wash., and afterward at Placerville, Cal. His marked personality, social qualities, orthodoxy, magnetic power and ability in the pulpit have been generally recognized. His career here, however, is so recent as hardly to need, as yet, to be traced by the pen of history.

A few facts may now be given concerning his successor without infringing on propriety, in order to complete this historical survey of pastorates. The present pastor took his academic course at Wabash College and his diploma in theology from Lane Seminary. His original purpose was to spend his life in scientific pursuits, and he has the distinction of belonging to several of the national scientific societies. But the strong sweep of God's loving providence carried him into the active work of the Gospel ministry. Among his later charges previous to coming here were those at New Haven, Minneapolis and Bridgeport. He preached his first sermon in Newburyport on the 18th of December, 1892, and occasionally supplied the pulpit during the Winter. He was duly installed, May 9, 1893, by the presbytery of Boston. It must be left for some other hand to sum up the final results of the work thus begun. My heart bids me testify to the loyalty and fidelity of the people among whom my lot has now been cast. May the God of our Fathers, who has brought us safely thus far, help us, as people and pastor, to make the current history worthy in every way of that which has already been recorded.



## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

### THE ROLL OF MEMBERSHIP.

A grateful tribute, however brief, should be paid to the rank and file of the sacramental host, of whom those whose names are blazoned on yon mural tablet were but the standard bearers. What could the latter have done without the aid of the noble army of godly men and women who followed their leadership? Every faithful member of this church has done his part in making up its history. Selecting a single instance from the many that might be cited, how indispensable, in the early days, was such a man as Ralph Cross. He served as a Ruling Elder here for forty-one years, besides holding several other offices in Church and Parish. He gave generously toward the building of the sanctuary and the support of the Gospel. It is said that he actually boarded the first pastor gratuitously for three years. It was he who gave the old "Whitefield Bible" that was used in this pulpit until it was laid aside for the more modern one presented by Elder Moses Pettingell, when the older copy was reverently laid amid the treasures of the society. This reminds me to say that the usual Puritan custom was to refrain from the public reading of the Scriptures, which was not allowed in the Third Parish till 1750, nor in the First till 1769; but in our

public services the Word of God was always read. And what is known as King James' version is the one that has always been in use; although in the elegant chapel Bible recently given by the late Miss Phoebe Harrod, both the old and new versions appear—the latter being regarded simply as a commentary on the former.

In 1862 Mr. Moody Cook delivered a Genealogical Address giving a history of the parishioners and founders of this Church from 1745, with the names of their then living descendants in the parish; to which you are referred for many of those particulars that we would gladly make room for here were it practicable. I wish we might call the long roll of ruling elders, deacons, committee-men, treasurers and collectors, choristers and organists, tithing-men and sextons, Sunday-school officers and teachers, who have done so nobly towards maintaining the vitality and energy of this society.

The entire church membership, from the beginning has been exactly eighteen hundred and seven, omitting duplicates. That may not represent a rapid growth; but it is substantial and stands for an average addition of one new name a month from the first until now. More names might have been added had not our standard been high and our discipline strict

## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Then remember the fact that this church has thrice swarmed; thus carrying away from our bounds several hundreds who might have otherwise stayed in our communion; and although we love them we miss them numerically and in every way. Ours would probably be today the largest church in the commonwealth, could we only have held on to what rightly belonged to us. Then again, many of our younger people have gone to seek their fortunes in the West, or the South, or in larger Eastern cities than this. It is likewise a painful fact that death has, of late, sadly thinned the ranks of our older members. When I came here there were, by count, fifty parishioners who were over seventy years of age; and such saints on earth are rapidly nearing Heaven.

Our total living membership today is two hundred and seventy souls; and our Sunday-school, including all departments, has about the same number enrolled. Many others worship with us whose friendship and co-operation we value, and yet who have not entered into covenant with us. We have flourishing Christian Endeavor societies, both senior and junior; our Ladies' Board of Missions is vigorous and useful; the Whitefield Circle cares for the chapel building; the Greenleaf Circle makes a specialty of sending boxes to home missionaries and the Freedmen; the

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Association takes care of the parsonage; our regular Female Prayer-meeting has been kept alive for one hundred and fifty years; we contribute to all the benevolent boards of the denomination and take a commendable interest in many outside religious causes. The parish property is estimated at \$30,000, and we are free from debt. We know not what the Lord may have in store for us as a congregation; but we feel sure that we may have a future equal to, if different from, our favored past; provided that we have the wisdom, tact and grace to adapt ourselves to our modified circumstances. We do this in secular matters, and why not in religious affairs? There was a time when, as Hon. Caleb Cushing tells us, there were actually owned here in Newburyport, forty-one ships, sixty-two brigs, sixty-six schooners, besides other craft not enumerated; a time when a hundred vessels were building at once in our ship-yards, thus supporting thirty-two distinct trades, and several hundred hardy workmen with their families. And those were the days, so often referred to, when a sea captain sat at the end of every pew down our broad aisle. Will those days ever return?

## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

### THE OUTLOOK.

It is generally conceded that our maritime glory has gone into history and will stay there. But our citizens are men of enterprise and thrift and strong common sense; and they do not sit idly deploring those palmy days that have departed. They foster local trade and home industries; they invite the building of factories; they improve their streets and parks and charming environs, thus attracting hither people of taste and culture who can appreciate the various advantages offered by this city by the sea. The result is that we have today more homes and more people than ever before. And while church-work differs from what it formerly was, there is as much need of it as ever, and it is as vital as ever that it should be of a style and quality to fit immortal souls for the life that now is and for that which is to come. It still is possible for us to help to shape the destiny of our nation and of mankind, fully as much as did our fathers in whom we glory, if we are only as faithful as they to the truth as it is in Jesus, and as loyal to the trust the Master has committed to our hands.

We honor the First Presbyterian Church of Newburyport for its noble history; and we may well do

so. But this historical occasion will surely fail of its highest and grandest end, unless it shall quicken the heart-beats of those whose history is yet to be made. We stand at this hour on an eminence whence we can survey the future as well as the past. Let us turn toward it with a mighty courage and brave resolve. We glory in the fathers; and may we live so well that our children may glory in us when they come to celebrate, as we hope they may do, the two hundredth anniversary of this beloved church.

I have not sought to make this altogether a denominational address; being aware that we have with us as guests those representing every denomination existing here. But allow me, in conclusion, to remind those most deeply concerned in this anniversary, that we stand for an idea which our church has tested for one hundred and fifty years. We are eminently American Presbyterians. We are not Genevans, nor Huguenots, nor English, nor Scotch, nor Scotch-Irish; we are Americans, who hold that the power is with the Lord's people, and that it may rise from them to the higher and representative courts, such as the Presbytery, the Synod, and the General Assembly. Ours is neither an irresponsible independency, nor a lordly hierarchy. The fathers, at great cost, shook off the foreign yoke; let us never put it on again.

And we have as much right as any others to lay aside the clumsy armor of the ancient champions of our cause, and to fight for it with the keenest modern weapons of truth. We are conservative, yet not inflexible; we cling to our standard, yet would fain lift it higher into the light of God.

Our Calvinism is modified from what was taught three centuries ago at Geneva and Edinburgh; yet its keynote is as clear as ever—the absolute sovereignty of God in harmony with the freedom of man. We believe as firmly as did the fathers that the righteous and merciful purposes of the Triune God are “yea and amen, in Christ Jesus.” Ours is a church militant when its heritage is assailed; but none excel it in practical humanitarian enterprises, nor in a generous support of educational and reformatory work. No church has done more for civil and religious liberty. We seek to hold all truth, not harshly and rigidly, but wisely and tenderly, mindful of the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.

That is the master-thought underlying the historical facts given today. Our fathers wrought, and we work, for this congregation, as a part of that universal Church of Christ, which transcends all sectarian limitations, and which is the true Kingdom of God. We work and worship, toil and pray, “looking for

that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Savior Jesus Christ."

*"Amen: even so, come, Lord Jesus. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. AMEN.*







Very truly yours,  
*A. S. Vermylen*

1850—1863.

*“Retracing the Old Paths.”*

REMINISCENCES

OF THE

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

BY A FORMER PASTOR,

REV. ASHBEL G. VERMILYE, D. D.,

OF ENGLEWOOD, N. J.



## ADDRESS OF REV. ASHBEL G. VERMILYE, D. D.

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This is now the third time it has been my privilege to take part in a jubilee of this church. The first time in 1856, the centennial year of the building of the church; when I was myself the pastor and preached an historical sermon from the text: "Who is left among you that saw this house in her first glory?" It covered many points of interest relating to the past, not included in previous printed histories. Behind me in the pulpit, were Rev. Dr. Dana, settled in 1794; Rev. Dr. Proudfit, settled in 1827; and my immediate predecessor, Rev. Dr. Stearns, settled in 1835—all the pastors since 1794, except Rev. Mr. Williams, settled in 1821. Today they are not living; and of my successors in the pastorate previous to 1889, none are living. Of all who have here ministered, up to that recent date, I alone remain; and I was settled in 1850. Moreover, of the town ministers, the pastors in 1856, none now lives except Rev. Dr. Fiske—my senior in settlement by two or more years.

The second occasion alluded to, was in 1870—the “centennial commemoration of the death of Whitefield.” Rev. Dr. Stearns was the preacher, to a large assembly. None could have done it better. He understood Whitefield and his times, and had the gift of narrative portraiture in an easy and attractive style. It was throughout a fine celebration. And now today, during two days crowded with oratory and interest, another—to me, the third! And surely it is well to have it, well to recall and keep alive, among those who are coming after, by sermon and reminiscence the story of the past; and thus to instruct their faith and continue their attachment to the old church. It is one around which clings, like an entwining vine, a special interest of very many people. You that live here scarcely know the estimation in which it is held. During my ministry the whole Methodist Conference (at the time in session in town) went down to see the bones of Whitefield; and then, before the pulpit, discussed Whitefield and Wesley! Visitors came, even from Europe; and one visitor (though at an earlier period,) as a precious and prized relic, actually stole a part of Whitefield’s arm! It took nearly thirty years, till 1849, for his conscience to get him to the point of returning that silent bone, which in life had helped to awaken and reclaim so

many sinners. When my own sermon, the addresses and proceedings were published, one bookseller in Philadelphia wrote for two hundred copies, and I had none to send. I may here say, that three histories of the church have hitherto been published, of which two, by Rev. Mr. Williams and Dr. Stearns, were previous to my own; both of them so well done and apparently so exhaustive, that when required to provide a third, it seemed to me impossible. Where should I glean the grain that had not already been gathered into their barns? Fortunately the church was under repair, to become what it at present is, outside and in; we were worshipping with Rev. Mr. Campbell and his people, in Prospect street; I had four months. From old people, in old garrets, from Dr. Withington, Dr. Dana, and other fruitful sources, I gleaned and found the yield of incident and event plentiful. You should have seen Mrs. Lucy Pearson, then in her ninety-eighth year, bedridden and almost blind—the only one who had heard Whitefield; who, when sixteen, had walked with her mother from Rowley to Exeter to hear him; how her voice grew shrill and her thin frame almost tossed with excitement, as she described his preaching and its power! What must it have been, when, after eighty-two years the recollection of it was so vivid, so exciting?

That voice, how it still seemed to linger in her ears—as “the seashell of its native deep a thrilling moan retains;” a voice capable of all the inflexions of the sea, as it talks in storm tones or in ripples with the shore; behind which, and pressing for delivery, were thought and feelings grandly or gently moving, variable as the shifting winds, weighty as the tides! Was this the same man whom one citizen of the town described as a “cheery, a very cheery old gentleman;” and whom he had heard “joking mother Parsons (the minister’s wife) about her old cap?” Yes certainly; a preacher genial, loving, open to the little playful incidents and things of life. The spirit of the gospel was in him, “the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.” Yet when delivering his message of truth; truth so vital, for time and eternity, to the thousands of souls before him; there was no levity about Whitefield. He was then the electric storm in its passage over the surface of nature—with vivid discharges and rolling thunders and falling rain; which when past, leaves behind it a “great awakening,” a great “revival” and “refreshing,” even for “the dear little birds”—so he called children. No wonder he was remembered and his memory revered, this greatest of pulpit orators, as he was by Mrs. Pearson!



## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

One hundred and fifty years have now passed since the organization of this church. The old oaken framework of the building, one hundred and forty years old—of wood cut upon their own farms—still remains, sound and intact. “Good times” they had even before the completion of the building—when they “sat on the joiners benches and Mr. Whitefield preached.” And still the inviting history was not exhausted by Mr. Williams, Dr. Stearns and myself, as your pastor (Dr. Hovey’s) admirable sermon has proved. My own part is now the somewhat lighter vein of pastoral reminiscences, memories, supplementary fragments. Nevertheless, it has for me an undertone; since I stand here, except the most recent, a solitary survivor in the line of pastors, and go back to a ministry which began forty-six and ended thirty-three years ago.

I may say, I suppose, how quaint looking was to me the place, when I first entered it. It had not yet changed much from the past. Too far from the city to be really suburban, it sat beside its beautiful river, close to the sea, a town waiting for a turn of the tide. A quiet, very quiet place, partly because so many still went to sea and did “business in great waters.” This congregation itself had in it many who either were or had been sea captains—an unusual number.

One could not have wished better friends or parishioners; except that they came and went and sometimes made long voyages, the younger ones, whilst the wives brought up the families. The town therefore, was one of residences, notably domestic and quiet. And quaint, also, of an old-fashioned type, looked the older ministers—Dr. Withington, Dr. Dana, Dr. Dimmick, Mr. Campbell and others around. Dr. Withington, with his beautiful genuineness, simplicity and kindness of character and intercourse; whose thinking, on other subjects so keen and observant, did not take in the niceties of dress and fashion and mere appearances! Poet, philosopher, scholar—in learning how various and ready! To meet him on the street under an umbrella, was to gain a thought and be mentally so much richer! But it would never have done to transplant him, he had grown into the very soil of “Ould Newbury.” It was good and wise advice he gave his successor, at his installation; “you must not only know human nature but Oldtown nature.” That, he himself did, and there for a lifetime, studied, meditated, philosophized, and wrote many beautiful, many characteristic things. His Thanksgiving sermon, entitled “A bundle of myrrh,” (1850) was like him, and a sensation—wherein he showed, by historic example, why men, philoso-

phies, political parties, even religious systems, had so often failed; they were not a "bundle of myrrh," only some sprigs of it, tied up with "wormwood, pigweed, garlic and other nauseous herbs!" On the back of it was a "form of prayer, for such Christians as mean to aid in executing the fugitive slave law." But, in another style, what a delightful argument for a special Providence did he draw from a bird's nest in the grass, with feeding cattle all around, yet not destroyed nor disturbed!

This was in my day, as before it, a large congregation, with full galleries; of well-to-do people, solid, excellent families, who made the church strong—not wealthy as wealth is now computed. And besides, there were many poor, with among them men and women of faith and prayer and every day usefulness. As one such, what a woman was Miss Mary C. Greenleaf; who, with an aged and blind and deaf mother to care for, and the necessity of work, could always find time to be useful; who, herself without means, could take the refusal of a parsonage house, when it was needed, and by her efficient zeal get the money; and who, at the age of fifty-six, rounded out her self-denying labors by becoming a missionary to the Indians! And that mother—a woman of faith and prayer; who ceased

not to pray in the temple for others around her during the sermon; who till her death, "a widow of about four score and four years," efficiently helped to sustain the mission to the Isles of Shoals; who had faith in prayer from many experiences. Once, when in immediate need of forty-five dollars for the Mission, she confidently made it a matter of prayer; and before the day was out, Rev. Dr. Dimmick came in and handed her the money. Forsooth, however, you might even here and there have found some Christians of a different sort; not so helpful to a pastor nor so pleasant, with more human nature than grace. You have doubtless heard Rev. Mr. Milton's remark about one of his own members: "The crookedest stick that ever grew on Mount Zion!" Zion sometimes grows among its slopes strange timber; scrubby oaks and the prickly pear, as well as the straighter and statelier trees. Perhaps their nature has in it more for grace to contend with. But I learned here a useful lesson for a pastor. It is not well to be too easily or quickly offended. Plain people do not varnish words, and a chestnut burr may contain what is sound and good. It was not pleasant, I suppose, for Rev. Mr. Williams to be told that "if he chose to live in Oldtown he might go there to meeting!" Nevertheless, it was kindly meant. They liked to see their

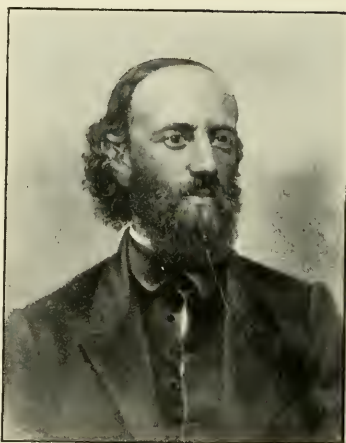




JOHN PROUDFIT,  
1827—1833.



JONATHAN F. STEARNS,  
1835—1849.



RICHARD H. RICHARDSON,  
1864—1868.

minister and have him near—not far away, in another parish. It was a peculiar prayer, no doubt, uttered during a vacancy (in a neighboring church) by a man slow of speech and ideas, but I can see the glimmer of a meaning; that the Lord would send them “a man after his own heart, made without hands, eternal in the heavens!” One who should be divinely qualified to remain with them always—that was certainly here, with many, their idea of a proper pastoral union. Yet one “made without hands;” such an one would never have suited, for they loved to shake hands. All among them had not bright homes. There were the “shut ins,” the sick, afflicted and poor, the troubled in various ways; and they loved and needed the grasp that indicated nearness, sympathy and helpfulness—a personal relation to the pastor. Alas, also, among other troubles there was the sea, the treacherous sea, in some aspects so beautiful and then again such a bringer of sorrow; and the telegram or letter which the pastor must deliver. It is my belief that a preacher cannot preach to real purpose, who has not, also, been a pastor; who has not come near to people, entered their chambers or their minds, in the serious moments of life. He may hold an audience and impress their minds. It is a fine thing to do so. But the great congregation goes home, away from

his influence. And only as a pastor can he learn, and like a skilful physician learn, how to treat the various individual doubts, difficulties and perturbations, which the homely talk and the more serious moments may reveal to him. I learned here, in some degree, how to handle my doctrine. And I must say that, as a people, they wanted and expected doctrine; that is to say, Bible truth, God's word, the Gospel—something to inform, something for the conscience, something that was really water and food for the soul. Sermons, such as those of one who once preached for me would not have been long endured—who said, he “always thought it well (among other things) to have a little religion in a sermon!” An earlier member expressed it, after a sermon by a young man, as he went grumbling down the aisle: “Peas in a bladder, peas in a bladder, no food for my soul today!” His words wrought better than he could have imagined. The young minister overheard him. They were a sharp rap to his conscience. Years after he returned and inquired for him, saying: “He saved my soul, he was the means of my conversion!” But the good man was dead.\*

Good, sturdy old people! The spirit of the earlier members, from whom many among them were de-

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\*The minister was Rev. Dr. Clark, of Boston, the other Major Goodwin.



scended, had not died out with the lapse of time. Among the number I may mention Deacon (and Elder) Ezra Lunt, "an Israelite indeed;" whose dying words to me were: "I have been trying to form an objection in my own mind against my acceptance with Christ; but he has been with me forty years and will not leave me now. Some used to think me too rigid; but I could not conscientiously be otherwise. I have endeavored to follow the Puritan fathers so far as they followed Christ." Such was the tone and type of his piety; with none of that self-surgery, that analytical dissection even of motives, which characterized Dr. Spring and many good people who had been trained under his teachings; but an abiding hope and trust in Jesus Christ, and a thoroughly consistent and godly life. At the close, he was like a fisherman who has been out all day at his calling whether the waters were rough or smooth; who at night returns, calmly and fearlessly shoots the breakers that line his way to the shore, and there at length unships his mast, brings forth his anchor, and with the fruit of his toil in hand goes quietly, peacefully, happily, to his home and his rest. And there were others, men and women, like Deacon Lunt.

From the very beginning and till 1887, one hundred and thirty-one years, the Harrod family had a pew in

this church. The last to go was Miss Phoebe Harrod, in her one hundred and second year. But when I came there were (I think) ten brothers and sisters, already beyond the prime of years. Yet what a household group! How staunch, helpful, and widely useful—especially in all out of door activities, Mrs. Harriet Sanborn, the widowed sister! In their piety how genuine, how consistent—a walk with God! In her ninetieth year, it was the habit of one sister to pass sleepless nights in repeating to herself the one hundred and nineteenth Psalm. She had it all in memory. And as she reached the successive divisions of the Psalm, there she would pause a little. That or that, perhaps, might prove the looked for end, with no farther to go! These divisions she called her “stepping-stones over Jordan.” In its repose of mind and assurance of salvation through Christ, what a beautiful awaiting! So have I seen ships, after their voyage quietly awaiting outside the make of the tide which should pass them over the bar into their desired haven. Nor was the Harrod family alone in the things mentioned. That of Elder Moses Pettingell had, also, come down in steady succession from the beginning—himself a useful and prominent man. And among them how many lived to be old! I well remember one who, at eighty-five, was having

her thirteenth fever, and—"weakly to begin with!" On one page of the list (a single year) there were twenty-seven deaths recorded; of which number one-half were over seventy, four of them over eighty, two of them over ninety! Mr. George Donnell lived to be ninety-nine and three months. But I return—and it saddens my return—to find them gone; Captain Simpson, Mr. Caldwell, Elder Plummer, Mr. Pettingell, Mr. Pritchard, the Brays, Caleb Cushing, Captain Graves, Mr. Boardman, and many more whom I could name; gone, a congregation of the dead. Till I left, the average death rate was (I think) about seventeen; but the next year and the next (of Dr. Richardson's ministry) the number went up to thirty-one or thirty-two.

I would like now briefly to advert to the times preceding my own day. Of course there had been changes. The interior of the building itself, as you know, had been altered in 1829. It made that remarkable "whispering gallery;" so perfect, that when everything was still I have heard a watch tick in a corner one hundred and fifty feet away. It was, also, a sort of private detective; as the sexton would sometimes inform misbehaving boys in the opposite gallery, by putting his hand behind his ear and pointing to the pulpit. But let me speak a little of the pas-

tors. Mr. Parsons! Dr. Hovey, however, has included him in his sketch, as have the other histories. Poor man, what troubles he went through, a real persecution, on the church's account! And in addition, there was his weakness for fine clothes, with gold and silver lace and ruffled shirt fronts—to the great distress of some people! We can imagine what they said. Ministers, in that day, were expected to appear in clerical hat, wig, regulation clothes, and with professional dignity, prim and sombre. I do not wonder that his naturally quick temper sometimes gave way. Yet, good man that he was, he was just as quick to confess and amend his fault. So once, after a not pleasant scene with a man, he returned and said: "Have you seen Mr. Parsons this morning?" "Why, yes," (he replied) "you were here an hour ago." "No," (answered Mr. P.) "that was not Mr. Parsons, it was the Devil!" Murray! The popular orator, the most so of all. Like Parsons, a patriot who did good service; one, however, of wider note, for whose capture, when at Boothbay, the British Commodore offered £500 reward—an unusual sum. And I may here speak of it, their patriotism, to the credit of nearly all the clergy here and elsewhere. Enough has not been made of it. Behind the statesmen, in every parish, were the clergy moulding the

sentiments of the people, long before the war. Of Murray's oratorical power I have elsewhere noted not a few instances. But one of his greatest triumphs, I should say, was when he preached an hour and a half or two hours, and held the people, on so abstruse a subject as "The origin of evil!" Moreover, they insisted on having it published! New England in his day, it should be remembered, was a theological and controversial battle ground. On every hand you would hear the shots of opposing batteries. In this town was especially Dr. Spring, a zealous Hopkinsian, who gave and took. And the people liked it. New England wits were ground fine and keen on such problems; and it was a pleasure, all around, to take one another in hand for a clean shave. My own copy of that sermon is annotated throughout by some one, cleric or layman I know not, who set himself to riddle the argument. I suppose he did it, I have only been able to make out the word "nonentity."

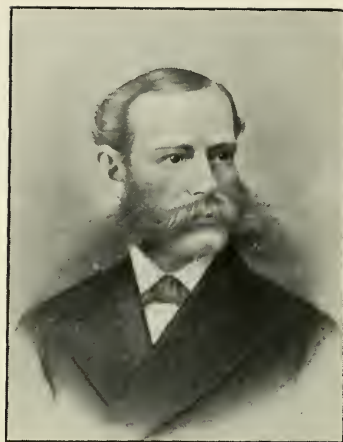
After Mr. Murray came Dr. Dana—a placid stream compared with the former; clear, Addisonian in style and statement, he attained no such flights of oratory. Yet was he a faithful, affectionate, helpful pastor and preacher, with that courteous and graceful, almost appealing, motion of the head and wave of the right hand which some may still remember; and

with which—so habitual was it with him—he once at night, in later years, showed a burglar to the front door. Suave as he was, however, Dr. Dana stood firmly enough for the olden truth amid the clashings and defections of his day. He had occasion to do so even in this town, where of six ministers no two held exactly the same theology. Dr. Spring, especially, was an aggressive theologian. Dr. Hawes (of Hartford) preached his first sermon for Dr. Dana. He took exceptions in a kindly way, to its doctrinal statements. When Dr. Spring heard about it, he was delighted. “Now (he said) you make two off that sermon. Next Sunday I have the Union lecture in the evening”—at which, of course, Dr. Dana would be present. “You shall preach half in the morning and the other in the evening!” But in 1815 there came a happy occasion when such differences were forgotten. It was the ordination of the second band of missionaries in this church. Then for the first time in New England and probably in the country, the Lord’s supper was celebrated together by nearly seven hundred communicants, from various and distant churches. It was the proper church for it; here, the burial place of Whitefield, who had himself crossed the ocean thirteen times on a Gospel





CHARLES S. DURFEE,  
1869-1872.



WILLIAM W. NEWELL, JR.,  
1874-1880.



CHARLES C. WALLACE,  
1881-1888.



BREVARD D. SINCLAIR,  
1889-1892.



missionary errand. And its kindly, Christian spirit was in full accord with that of Dr. Dana.

After a season of steady productiveness, churches may need the plough; and a plough was Mr. Williams. Different from Dr. Dana, a more striking man, with peculiarities; a fine orator, but less tender and sympathetic; a blunt, straight out, independent man in word and deed—genuine to the core. A brief but impressive ministry, only five years, and useful to the church; and then he died, his sun went down too early. It brings me to Dr. Proudfit; and again to a five years pastorate interrupted at a most important time, in 1831, by ill health and an absence of seven months. Nevertheless, his was an honored and long an affectionately remembered name in this place. Tallest of the whole clerical line, Saul among the people, with a fine, grave and thoughtful face, he bore a presence in itself noticeable; whilst in preaching, the intellect and culture and eminent spirituality which enriched his sermons, commanded attention, though his throat and voice were weak for so large a building. Yet even more was his great success as a spiritual worker due to his tact and affectionate faithfulness in the house and by the way. It was a ministry, however, during which, that is, during and owing to his enforced absence in 1831, some strange

scenes occurred. During that time this pulpit was supplied chiefly by Rev. George B. Cheever, an Andover graduate. It was the beginning of his ministry, and not a happy beginning. There was, at the time an extensive revival in town. For the year 1831, one hundred united with this church alone, as professed converts. Of these some (with others outside,) gathered about Mr. Cheever—in his youth, enthusiastic, and with those qualities which afterwards distinguished him; the author, at Salem, a little later, of the tract “Deacon Giles’ Distillery,” for which he was tried and imprisoned. By these disturbers the pastor was undermined, and an effort made to displace him. It failed, however; since the Session and the main body of the people stood firmly and strongly with and for the pastor. Mr. Cheever would not consent to preach in a hall, and so his ministry in Newburyport ended. I knew him, after the turmoils of his active life, as a neighbor—sweet and gentle, former conflicts apparently forgotten, the fire of the war horse subdued within him, the Bible and its precious truths his chief study and delight. It was at this time, I think, that he received a letter from the son of the actual “Deacon Giles,” in which he referred to that tract as the means of his own conversion!

Dr. Stearns was my own predecessor. How sweet and mellow his voice, how youthful always, almost feminine the face, as for fourteen years he stood in this place, a scholarly, clear and effective preacher! A man of tact and sound discretion, as well as sweetness of spirit, how easily he made himself beloved! Yet withal, when necessary, no one could be more firm and outspoken. And by his side, also, to his great advantage, was one whom the parish equally loved—a brilliant, gifted and attractive woman, the sister of the great Western orator, Sargent S. Prentice. His was a peaceful ministry, during which would-be troublers (and there were such) remained prudently quiet. And so I come back to my own ministry. At its close, Rev. Mr. Campbell said to me: “When I first saw you on the street, I thought to myself, young man you have made a mistake this time. You had some ugly opponents to deal with. But your ministry has been to me an instance of a special Providence.” So I considered it, and gratefully. Some of them had waited their opportunity since Mr. Cheever’s day. It was a special Providence when, after my coming, they left the church and made room for others. Nor had I ever reason to regret my coming; they were my people, my friends, to the last. I left the church undiminished in num-

bers, at peace, and prosperous. My only regret was at the parting, to take a more inland charge at Utica, New York.

This address has been simply (as I proposed) reminiscent and fragmentary. I could have written more, much more, about many things; they have come into view from out the past, as birds appear out of the sky or the fog and drop upon the meadows. But this is the closing evening, and your pastor's history has, by right, the chief historical place. To my successors I have not referred, because my knowledge of them has been slight. Of Dr. Richardson, who came after me, I know that he was a scholar and admired as a man and a preacher of striking gifts. The names of the rest are upon yonder tablet. All but two of them have made up their record on earth and gone to their reward. Bye and bye, some one will resume the story where we now leave it, and they will be remembered and the later history written. I have but one thing to add, since it connects itself with that new and elegant tablet, and connects the past with the present. During my first sermon in this pulpit, there sat in the side aisle, facing Whitefield's monument, a young man some few years younger than myself. The sermon impressed him, and not long after he united

with the church. That was in our youth, forty-six years ago. Today again I am in the pulpit, he in the pew. He is the donor of that memorial tablet. It is a long interval. I have known him through it all—in trials that have tested his manhood and his piety; as I also knew the one who was with him through all, so active and beloved in this church, his latest and greatest loss, the ever present memory of whom, really suggested the tablet. But in looking forward—the young preacher and hearer, then for the first time brought into touch—how little could we have surmised the future up till today; what it would be to us or for us—what it would enable us to be or to do? How little they that start out in the morning for a day's sail, know what may come down upon them before it is ended—the chill of the wind, the enveloping fog, or even worse! In 1851 (I think) I was out sailing with a merry party, when a dense fog settled down upon us. We lost our way entirely, till one went aloft and looked over the fog. Speaking of such things in life, my Elder Pritchard—a man of excellent mind and thought—once said in our prayer meeting: “We must go aloft and look over the fog;” a simile out of his own profession as a rigger of ships—and it all came vividly back. I had seen it done; and have used it since as









THE  
ANNIVERSARY PROCEEDINGS

WITH THE

Program, Addresses and Correspondence.

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Previous to the time fixed for the celebration of our one hundred and fiftieth anniversary, an invitation was publicly given to every congregation in the city, as well as to every man, woman and child in our own parish, to attend all the exercises. A more formal invitation was sent to the ministers, the city officials, absent members of our church, and individuals known to have a claim on us for this mark of respect on account of their having descended from former pastors, or from families noted for services done in our society. The invitation was as follows:

## “The Old South.”

MDCCXLVI.

MDCCCXCVI.

### Greeting in the Name of the Lord.

The First Presbyterian Church, in Newburyport, Massachusetts, completed its organization, April 7th, 1746; and this Church and Society will celebrate, April 7 and 8, 1896, the One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of that event.

You are heartily invited to be present on that occasion; or, if unable to attend, to send some message of congratulation.

There will be historical addresses, a collation, and other attractive features, of which more definite notice will be given presently.

All who love the “Old South Church” will be heartily welcomed.

Yours faithfully,

HORACE C. HOVEY, Pastor.

JOHN T. BROWN,

Chairman of General Committee.

WILLIAM E. CHASE,

Chairman of Committee on Invitation.

WILLIAM BINLEY, Clerk of the Church.

ALVAH W. LEAVITT, Clerk of the Parish.

PRENTISS H. REED, Clerk of General Committee.

Newburyport, Mass., March 12, 1896.

## THE GATHERING.

In response to this invitation, and at the ringing of the old bell cast by Paul Revere, the meeting house was crowded at every service with members of the congregation, friends from other churches, and strangers who took a passing interest in proceedings of such an unusual nature. Those who crossed the vestibule and entered the open doors of the main audience room, saw, first of all, the decorated pulpit, with its floral display; on either side aloft were shields in blue and gold bearing the dates, 1746 and 1896; and swinging gracefully from shield to shield was an elegant gilded chain of exactly one hundred and fifty links, each link being designed to be ultimately the frame of an interior view of the historic scene. The idea of a golden chain emblematic of the stretch of years between the two dates originated with Mrs. John W. Winder. It was made by Mr. and Mrs. Winder and Messrs. John M. Bailey and Lucius H. Greely. Various plans were discussed and given up as impracticable, and it was finally decided to make it of wood and gild it. Each of the one hundred and fifty links is in two pieces and the whole length is ninety-four feet. At the right of the pulpit, between it and the cenotaph, was

the veiled tablet whose uncovering was to be an important feature of the day. The window space at the left was filled with a mass of evergreens. Beneath the gallery and near the cenotaph was the laurel crowned oil painting of the Rev. George Whitefield, the founder of this church, which had been kindly loaned for the occasion by the American Congregational Association of Boston, through its librarian, Rev. W. H. Cobb, D. D. On an ample platform at the left of the pulpit were the portraits of the former pastors of the Old South Church, each on its own easel, and all grouped amid a forest of palms and Easter lilies. Over the main door from the corridor was a beautiful scroll bearing the motto, "Blest Be the Tie that Binds," lettered on a white background with a yellow border. Festoons of evergreens ran along the front of the galleries, the windows were draped by flags, and other decorations helped to give the whole sanctuary a most charming appearance. This work was done under the direction of Mr. John M. Bailey, the chairman of the committee on decoration, with the efficient aid of Lucius H. Greely, Charles W. Jacoby, Mrs. J. W. Winder, Mrs. W. A. Johnson, Mrs. W. E. Chase, Mrs. E. M. Rundlett and others. The ushering was done under the direction of the Christian Endeavor Society, who had

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

their hands full in seating so many guests. To each person was given a copy of the program which was as follows:

“THE OLD SOUTH”

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, OF NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

REV. HORACE C. HOVEY, D. D., PASTOR.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

APRIL 7 AND 8, 1896.

Program for Tuesday, April 7, 1896.

MISS ELIZABETH C. ADAMS, Soprano.      MISS MAY DAVOL, Contralto.  
DR. GEORGE E. L. NOYES, Tenor.      MR. WILLIAM E. CHASE, Bass.  
MRS. ISADORA FLANDERS, Organist.

AFTERNOON SERVICE, 2.30 O'CLOCK.

Organ Prelude in F, . . . . . *Gounod*  
Doxology.  
Lord's Prayer.  
Te Deum, Hymn 203, “O God, we Praise Thee and  
Confess,” . . . . . *Patrick*  
Psalm 96, . . . . . Read by Rev. Samuel Shaw.  
Prayer, . . . . .  
Rev. W. C. Richardson, of St. Paul's Church.  
Anthem, “This is the Day,” . . . . . *A. R. Gaul*  
Address of welcome, . . . . .  
John T. Brown, Esq., Chairman of General Committee.  
Response, . . . . .  
Rev. Daniel T. Fiske, D. D., of the Belleville Church.

# ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

Memorial Tablet (gift of John T. Brown, Esq.)

Presented by George F. Stone, Esq., of Chicago.

Acceptance of the Memorial Tablet, for the Society . . .

. . . by the Pastor.

Anthem, "Come to Our Hearts and Abide," *J. C. Macy*

Greetings from "Mother Churches:"

First Church of Newbury, by Rev. F. W. Sanborn.

First Religious Society of Newburyport, by Rev.

S. C. Beane, D. D.

Old Church of Londonderry, N. H., by Rev. S. F. French.

Messages from the absent, Read by Mr. Wm. E. Chase.

Poem by Mrs. Elizabeth K. Haskell, . . .

. . . Read by Mrs. David Foss.

Hymn, 964, "O God, Our Help in Ages Past," . . .

. . . *Isaac Watts*

Benediction.

Organ Postlude, "Alla Marcia," . . . *Guilmant*

## EVENING SERVICE, 7.30 O'CLOCK.

Organ Prelude, Grand Offertoire in G, . . . *Loretz*

Anthem, "Praise Ye the Father," . . . *Gounod*

Psalm 84, . . . Read by Rev. A. W. Hitchcock.

Singing, "Over the Mountain Wave," *Hon. George Lunt*

Prayer, By Rev. John R. Thurston, of Whitinsville.

Solo, "Our Risen King," . . . *A. F. Loud*

Miss Adams.

Historical Address, "The Glory of the Fathers," . . .

. . . By Rev. Horace C. Hovey, D. D., Pastor.

Hymn, 1060, "O God, beneath Thy guiding hand," . . .

. . . *Leonard Bacon*

Benediction, . . . Rev. A. G. Vermilye, D. D.

Organ Postlude, "Festival March," . . . *Leybach*

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Program for Wednesday, April 8, 1896.

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AFTERNOON SERVICE, 2.30 O'CLOCK.

Organ Prelude, "Andantino," . . . *Barnby*

Anthem, "The Lord is my Shepherd," . . . *H. Smart*

Ephesians, First Chapter, Read by Rev. C. E. Lord, D.D.

Prayer, By Rev. Louis A. Pope, of the Baptist Church.

Greetings from "Daughter Churches:"

Second Presbyterian, by Rev. T. James Macfaddin.

Fourth Congregational, by Rev. Myron O. Patton.

Whitefield Congregational, by Rev. John H. Reid.

Anthem, "The Heavenly Mansions," . . . *J. C. Macy*

Poem by Rev. W. R. Cochrane, D. D., of Antrim, N. H.

Messages from the Absent, read by Mr. William Binley.

Greeting from the Y. M. C. A., By Sec. W. B. Porter.

Greeting from the Y. P. S. C. E., By Rev. C. P. Mills.

Hymn, 518, "Onward Christian Soldiers," *S. Baring-Gould*

Benediction.

Organ Postlude in C, . . . . *Merkel*

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Banquet in the Chapel, 5 o'clock.

Rev. Peter M. MacDonald, D. D., of Boston, presiding.

Divine blessing invoked by Rev. Luther H. Angier, D. D.,  
of Boston.

Impromptu speeches by guests.

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EVENING SERVICE, 7.30 O'CLOCK.

Organ Prelude, "Elevation in F," . . . *Roeckel*

Miss Ella M. Johnson.

Anthem, "Blessing, Honor, Glory and Power," . . .

. . . . *Arr. from Lambillotte*

## ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

Salutation from the Old Church of Hempstead, L. I.,  
(252 years old.)

Prayer, . . . . . By Rev. John W. Dodge.

Solo, "My Hope is in the Everlasting," . . . *J. Stainer*  
Miss Adams.

"Pastoral Reminiscences," . . . . .  
By Rev. Ashbel G. Vermilye, D. D., of Englewood, N. J.

Hymn, 824, "Blest be the Tie that Binds," . . . *J. Fawcett*

Benediction . . . . . By the Pastor.

Organ Postlude, "March de Procession," . . . *Batiste*

This program was carried out, to the letter, with the exception that the venerable Dr. Angier, of Boston, was detained from coming by reason of illness, and that Dr. Vermilye offered the prayer on Tuesday evening, instead of Rev. John R. Thurston, who reciprocated by supplementing the "pastoral reminiscences" on Wednesday evening with some of his own recollections of Oldtown, together with an eloquent off-hand eulogy on the career of the Old South Church.

The address of welcome by John T. Brown, Esquire, the chairman of the General Committee, was heartfelt and appropriate, and was as follows:

### MR. BROWN'S ADDRESS.

It is my privilege by action of this congregation, (I fully appreciate the courtesy, and couple it with a very pleasant duty), to welcome all to the old meeting house today. Those from a



## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

distance, I welcome to the city, to our homes, to our hearts, extending a hearty welcome home. To those who from varied causes have found other church homes, to the pastors and congregations of this city and its neighborhood, with whom our relations are so happy, I speak the joy and gratitude of this old church for your presence. Welcome all, to the place where our fathers worshipped, to the seats they occupied, and may the memories awakened by the occasion be those of much enjoyment. While saddened thoughts come to us of the loved ones missing from these scenes, who have entered into rest, may we see the brightness of the silver tinge to the clouds enveloping their memories. In behalf of this people, I wish for them, and myself, to express to you all, sincere and earnest thanks for your presence with us today, thus indicating your interest in all these former things. When at the close of these anniversary exercises, we return to our homes, may this renewal of our own, and our ancestral ties, and the thought that we have considered these days of old, the years of former times, be a memory of happiness until we hear the voices of the angels, bidding us welcome to the house of many mansions.

Rev. Daniel T. Fiske, D. D., senior pastor of the Belleville Church, responded for the sister churches and the congregation, speaking as follows:

### DR. FISKE'S RESPONSE.

*Mr. Chairman and Dear Friends of the Old South Church:*

It gives me great pleasure to be with you on this interesting anniversary, and I am happy to feel that I am included in that cordial and graceful welcome extended by your representative,

my friend, Mr. Brown. And in the name of all these churches of our city, I heartily reciprocate, Sir, the kindly sentiments you have expressed, and I salute this ancient church on this, her one hundred and fiftieth birthday anniversary. Long may she live, blessing and being blessed.

One hundred and fifty years seems a long or a short period, according to the kind of measuring rod applied to it. When I reflect that my own life, young as I am, covers more than half of that period, and when I further reflect, that my pastorate in this city covers nearly one-third of it, I conclude that this church is after all, not so very old. My relations with it have been somewhat intimate, and of the pleasantest kind. They date from the day of my ordination when your beloved and honored pastor, Rev. Dr. Jonathan F. Stearns, gave me, in behalf of the ordaining council, the right hand of fellowship, which he did so gracefully, so cordially, in words so choice and so kind, with a spirit so christian and winsome that my heart went out to him at once, and then and there began a friendship which grew apace and was strengthened by his many subsequent acts of kindness, by my frequent visits to his home and by delightful christian intercourse with himself and his cultured wife, with their bright little children about them, one of whom became the distinguished, and now lamented, professor of theology in Bangor Theological Seminary. Dr. Stearns so endeared himself to me that I verily believe I mourned his departure from our city two years later, as much as did his own people.

You have had seven pastors since Dr. Stearns, and I have known them all very well, and my pulpit exchanges with them have been frequent and pleasant, and further you have been pleased to honor me with an invitation to take part in the in-

## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

stallation services of every one of them or nearly every one of them. I have also been privileged to number among my personal friends not a few of the lay-members of this church; too many of whom, alas, are missing today.

This church has had an interesting history, which it does not belong to me to rehearse. I wish simply, with your leave, to speak of one feature of the church, viz: its denominational catholicity. It is called a Presbyterian Church, and such it is; but its founder, that prince of preachers, George Whitefield, was an Episcopalian, who, early in life, by association with the Wesleys, became surcharged with the spirit of Methodism, so that in his own person he seemed to link this church to those two great denominations. Then, the material of the church, at the outset, was drawn from two Congregational churches, and was good Congregational stuff. And, indeed, for about three years after its organization this church was virtually a Congregational church, and would doubtless have always remained such, but for the unjust territorial parish laws then in force. Moreover, its first pastor came to it from a Congregational church, and some of his successors were by birth and training Congregationalists. And thus some of the different ingredients of these three sects, a little of the stateliness of Episcopacy, a little of the fervor of Methodism, and a little of the liberty of Congregationalism, seem to have been shaken up together, and lo, the result! an orderly, earnest, liberal type of Presbyterianism.

And in this church and its history we have an illustration of the comparatively small importance of mere church polity. Who ever thinks of the Old South, first and chiefly, as a Presbyterian church. Enough that it is a true christian church; whatever else it is, matters little. It is and always has been, in

living sympathy with the other christian churches of this city and vicinity, one with them in faith, love and devotion to a common Lord and Master. And this is what is wanted here and everywhere, more interdenominational sympathy, courtesy, fellowship and co-operation.

We have of late heard much about "organic church union," and the abolition of all sects and the "re-union of Christendom" in one vast centralized ecclesiastical organization. This seems to me but a pleasant dream. I do not believe its realization either possible or desirable. What we do want is "unity of the spirit in the bonds of peace." This, and only this, I believe was what our Saviour had in mind when he prayed for those who were, and were to be his disciples, "That they all may be one, as thou Father art in me and I in thee, that they also may be one in us."

Certainly I shall be content when that prayer is so fully answered, that christians of every name, while retaining if they wish, their denominational peculiarities, shall be one in spirit, one in charity, one in zeal, moving forward together as one army of the Lord under the one uplifted banner of the cross to the conquest of the world for Christ.

In conclusion allow me to congratulate this church upon a history that for a century and a half has been illumined with so many tokens of the divine favor, and to express the hope that for another century and a half it may stand here a solid bulwark against every incoming tide of error and wickedness, a mighty power that makes for righteousness, yea, a living embodiment of that gospel which is the power of God unto Salvation to every one that believeth. While conserving all the good of the past may it with outstretched and eager hands be ready to seize hold

## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

of the greater good of the future, and be more than ever a leader in all aggressive movements, for the moral and religious welfare of our city, of our country, of the whole world.

Hon. George F. Stone, of Chicago, a great-great grandson of Rev. Jonathan Parsons, in a brilliant and exceedingly interesting manner addressed the pastor and people of the First Presbyterian church and society, presenting to them, as the gift of John T. Brown, Esquire, the elaborate and costly memorial tablet bearing the names of all the pastors. He spoke as follows:

### MR. STONE'S ADDRESS.

*Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:*

A community unmindful of its benefactors is ignoble. A patriotic and christian people make glad, public and grateful recognition of those who in an important sense have contributed to the public welfare. Newburyport has always taken a just pride in an illustrious ancestry, and has honored her sons and her daughters, who in varied departments have reflected honor upon her fair name. Throughout the civilized world memorials may be seen on every hand of those who have conferred signal benefits upon society.

We are gathered here today to present a tablet upon which are inscribed, not the names of soldiers, or statesmen, or jurists; nor of those who have founded great libraries or endowed institutions of learning; nor of those who have built railroads,

## ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

eminently worthy as these all are of high public regard, but of those who have built up individual and national character during one hundred and fifty eventful years; who have cheered, comforted and sustained human hearts in the trying vicissitudes of life's experiences; of those who in this consecrated place have preached the everlasting gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ and who have faithfully and eloquently proclaimed "that kingdom which is righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost;" whose prayers, labors and example through successive generations, have become incorporated into our national life; who exalted piety and fostered education; whose lofty ideals of Christian living permeated and inspired the pregnant years in which they lived; who unfalteringly held up the banner of the cross and enjoined the highest duties of citizenship; whose presence was as the "All's Well!" breaking upon the midnight air and as the dawning of the morning to hearts weary and sick and sad who thought the night would never end; whose graces of manner and of spirit were wrought into human lives and transmitted unto generation after generation; whose patriotism was a part of their piety and whose piety was a part of their patriotism.

"Noble were they and true,  
Of cultured thought, with ceremony sweet, refinement pure,  
A type which through all hazards must endure  
And into various circumstance be wrought."

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Standing in this historic city, bathed in the memories of colonial and revolutionary times, and within this sacred edifice whose walls have echoed to the learning and eloquence of White-

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\*Louisa Parsons Hopkins.

## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

field, Parsons, Murray and Dana; of Williams, Proudfit and Stearns; of Vermilye, Richardson and Durfee; of Newell, Wallace, Sinclair and Hovey, the touch of the vanished hand I can almost feel. I seem to hear their voices still breaking in sweetness upon the air. Thank God, of that goodly and scholarly company Drs. Vermilye and Hovey are with us to-day. Surely they must experience that comfort described by Cicero, in a letter to his friend Atticus, "that the recollection of past good actions yields an unspeakable comfort to the soul."

To form any adequate idea of the value of their lives, of their nobility and fidelity, we must consider, though briefly, the great epochs in the history of our country embraced in this one hundred and fifty years. First: The colonial period, when the foundations of the Republic, under God, were being laid deep in eternal and unchangeable principles, in God's sovereignty and man's accountability. It was a crude period, trying, tumultuous, prayerful, momentous; yet it was a glorious period out of which was born a great and liberty-loving nation, whose history is that of the development of the best civilization and the highest type of citizenship. Then came the revolutionary period when throughout the corridors of that heroic time sounded in clarion notes the patriotic, lofty, defiant and inspiring words of Adams, Hancock and Otis; of Putnam and of Warren; when the light of Paul Revere's lantern flashed from the church belfry throughout the great Commonwealth; when Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill thrilled the nations of the earth with the sublime declaration that "all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Following, was the great anti-slavery agitation, when



Phillips, Sumner and your own Garrison undauntedly flung their impassioned appeals for emancipation into the ears of their countrymen; when Whittier, Lowell and Longfellow sung; when the profound learning and graces of speech of Webster, Everett and your gifted Cushing gave to New England a classic renown; when under the magnetic leadership of Horace Mann and of Agassiz, knowledge became fascinating and education received a new impulse. Now were ushered in the bloody years of that wickedest rebellion that ever stained the annals of history—wickedest because against the most beneficent government ever instituted; now was handed down to posterity amid the carnage of contending hosts the unimpaired and glorious heritage of the fathers. Now your own sons, holding up the glorious ensign of the Republic, marched amid the storms of war to the defense of that unstained though battle-scarred banner—worthy descendants of an heroic ancestry, whose blood and the blood of whose kindred has been poured out on many a field of glory, shedding an imperishable lustre upon our country's historic page!

“Ah me! how cherished and how blest  
Their martyr rest!”

Such were the times in which these men wrought. Surely it is meet that we preserve their names and their memories. Honor to that thoughtful and patriotic citizen whose generosity has caused their names to be inscribed upon yonder tablet.

Mr. Chairman, a three-fold obligation rests upon us; the past, the present and the future hold us responsible for the priceless heritage so gloriously bequeathed.



## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

“While the generations fall asleep,  
Sow the good seed ye reap.  
Build on the old foundations firm and sure  
The virtues that endure;  
Revere the ancient rule  
Of church and school;  
Lift the proud pile by each well-tempered tool;  
And though to vast expansions grown,  
Integrity be still the corner-stone—  
Honor and purity alone  
Rear its proportions true,  
While faith shall round the dome  
Up to the spheric blue.  
Their strong-winged Hope shall fly  
Through widening arcs of love’s refulgent sky.  
In that grand temple all our growing race  
Shall gather face to face  
In their eternal home,—  
For Thou, O Lord, hast been our dwelling-place.”

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The names of the pastors who presided over this society from the date of its foundation in the year of our Lord 1746, are as follows: Jonathan Parsons, John Murray, Daniel Dana, Samuel P. Williams, John Proudfit, Jonathan F. Stearns, Ashbel G. Vermilye, Richard H. Richardson, Charles S. Durfee, William W. Newell, Jr., Charles C. Wallace, Brevard D. Sinclair, Horace C. Hovey.

I now have the honor and the pleasure, on behalf of your fellow citizen, a devoted member of this congregation, Mr. John T. Brown, to present to the First Presbyterian Society of Newburyport the marble tablet bearing the names of these men

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\*Louisa Parsons Hopkins.

of faith, servants of the Most High, "who walked worthy of the vocation wherewith they were called," the memory of whose lives shall be cherished among the sacred possessions of this church, of this society and of this community.

As the speaker delivered the concluding paragraph of his address, Mr. Harold L. Brown, a nephew of the donor, drew the retaining cord that held the veil, and the memorial tablet was disclosed to the admiring gaze of the audience. This noble mural tablet is thirteen feet in height, and six feet in width, of white Italian marble, and bears on its face the names of the thirteen pastors with the dates of their terms of service. The names are cut in old English style, and with the years are in gold leaf. The tablet has a border all around it of Tennessee marble in harmony with the frescoed colors of the audience room. The whole is set in a rich gold frame, and is surmounted by a cap cut in relief, with an urn in the centre, from which scrolls reach out to the sides of the setting. The stonework was done by F. G. Cummings & Co., of Haverhill, and it is probably one of the largest mural tablets in the country.

On behalf of the Church and Parish, the pastor, Rev. Dr. Hovey, accepted the beautiful gift in an address abounding in fervor and gratitude, as well as

## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

in admirable recognition of the merits of his pastoral predecessors. His address was as follows:

### DR. HOVEY'S RESPONSE.

*Mr. George F. Stone:*

It gives me great pleasure to greet you here, as our honored guest, and as the descendant of the first pastor of this venerable church, the Rev. Jonathan Parsons.

We are especially happy to accept from your hands the gift of yonder rich mural tablet, as another of the multiplied proofs of the generosity and public spirit of our friend and brother, John T. Brown, Esq. It would gratify me personally to tell you of some of the costly and substantial memorials he has placed to adorn our public buildings, avenues and cemeteries, but he himself has expressly forbidden my doing so on this occasion. He has not told me, however, to conceal the fact that every time the tower clock of this meeting-house strikes the hours and half-hours, it reminds us of the liberality of the three sisters and brother of the late Mr. Albert Plumer, whose friend and adviser he has been amid their bereavement.

There is a propriety in duly acknowledging such tokens of the love our Lord himself plants in the hearts of his children; because it serves to stimulate others to similar acts. You can see this today in the elaborate decorations so skillfully arranged around the church; these wreaths and garlands, flowers and mottoes, and this wonderful chain of one hundred and fifty links, binding the dates 1746 and 1896 together.

The tablet itself is a supremely beautiful and noble ornament of our sanctuary; and a delightful thing about it is that before

planning for what must represent a considerable cost, the donor, together with Miss Elizabeth C. Frost, another of our generous members, combined to wipe out the last dollar of debt resting on the parish. Thus we can look around us without the feeling that we are annoyed by any financial fetters.

Behold that magnificent marble slab with its letters of gold. The body of it is from sunny Italy, the home of the muses and the graces, as well as of the Mother Church with all its varied powers and influences. It proves that some good things can come, even from Rome; for doubtless that smooth, polished Italian marble passed through the ports of the Eternal City on its way hither. The border is of red Tennessee marble; from the home of the sturdy American highlanders, the mountain whites, descendants of the Scotch and Scotch-Irish. They stood loyally for Presbyterianism when it cost them much to do so; and loyally for the stars and stripes when environed by blazing rebellion.

The names of all the pastors for the one hundred and fifty years of our history are cut in old English letters, which besides being in excellent taste for an ecclesiastical memorial, will have the advantage of occupying the thoughts of people who find the sermons dull, as they sometimes do, and after studying them out they will enjoy the gratification of their triumph; or better still, they can meditate on the excellencies of the men who have served them faithfully.

Every one will ask why Whitefield's name is not there, as he was the recognized founder of this church; and why the name of Rev. Joseph Adams is not there, who served here as "stated preacher" for three troublous years amid hardships and persecution incident to the gathering of the society. The only reason

## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

is that these great and useful and honored men were not "pastors." Neither were others such whose temporary labors won friends and did great good to many souls. It is distinctly a list of the pastors of this church

Every one of those men had his imperfections as well as his good qualities, but the reason for according them the honor of that tablet is their official relation to this congregation.

There they stand: Parsons, the Puritan; Murray, the majestic; Dana, the devout; Williams, the wise; Proudfit, the pious; Stearns, the saintly; Vermilye, the vigilant; Richardson, the righteous; Durfee, the diligent; Newell, the noble; Wallace, the watchful; Sinclair, the sparkling; and Hovey, the humble admirer of his predecessors! There are their names in letters of gold, with the scrolls aloft, emblems of the scroll of life eternal, and the ever burning golden torch between, as the ancient sign of immortality, the sacred flame that cannot be consumed or extinguished. And here, on my left, amid bowers of evergreens, are the cherished portraits of the pastors, in gathering which our ever thoughtful friend, Mr. Brown, took a great and active interest. Whitefield's portrait beyond the tablet is the only one in existence of life size, and is kindly loaned for the occasion from the Congregational Library in Boston.

I wonder if these holy men who are gone, leaving only Dr. Vermilye, Mr. Sinclair, and the speaker to survive, look down today from their heavenly home and take pleasure in these loving tributes to their memory. I cannot help feeling that they do; "for are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them that shall be heirs of salvation?"

I would not recklessly open anew the fountain of tears, but my memory brings back a dying chamber where many a prayer

## ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

was offered to God in the fond belief that it was also heard somehow by a beloved one who seemed unconscious to all human appeals. She, too, has passed away ; and she too looks down today, well pleased with this offering in which she would gladly have shared had the Lord permitted her to tarry with us.

Years will roll away and we shall all depart. But that tablet will remain, if the Lord please, till another cycle shall be completed ; and then perhaps some other generous man will think of us as we think kindly of those who now are numbered with the dead ; and another tablet will be placed, amid the ceremonies of the two hundredth anniversary, with its names in gold to match that which now is accepted as a tribute to the pastors of the Old South Church and of love to the goodly fellowship of the saints.

I hereby accept, through you and on behalf of the First Presbyterian Church and Society, the mural tablet, the gift of Mr. John T. Brown, and express the unanimous and hearty thanks of the congregation.

## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

### GREETINGS FROM THE CHURCHES.

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It is a matter of regret that we are only able to publish abstracts of the greetings brought to us from the "Mother Churches," but we can assure those who brought them that we appreciate every word spoken, and feel that the salutations are sincere and precious.

#### FROM THE FIRST CHURCH IN NEWBURY,

BY THE PASTOR, REV. F. W. SANBORN.

It is a pleasure to us of the First Church in Newbury to unite with the rest in admiring the vigorous and beautiful old age to which your church organization has attained. There are no colors more delightful to the eye than those which the brush of time has placed upon the stone of which the old-world cathedrals are made. And there is no other beauty like that of old men and old women. We rejoice heartily in your prosperous old age.

We of the First Church in Newbury are also old. But we have a right to rejoice, not only in this characteristic which we have in common, but also in the relation which we had to your earliest years. The New England climate is hard and severe, and no one can say how much of the strength which you have shown in your maturity came of the faithful care of the mother church, which kept you warm in the cradle of a sturdier and

## ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

more mature Congregationalism, until you were strong enough to go forth alone into the world.

But when you did go forth, how sturdily and successfully you did your part. We take pride in your prosperity, even when we have to admit that in some respects you are our superior, when we are forced to admit that your pulpit is far higher than ours and that our Calvinism would not for a moment endure comparison with yours.

We congratulate you on the arrival of this good day in your history.

### FROM THE FIRST RELIGIOUS SOCIETY.

Rev. S. C. Beane, D. D., in behalf of the Third Church in Newbury, now the First Religious Society in Newburyport, gave the hearty greeting of that mother to this daughter. He briefly reviewed the controversy which resulted in the formation of the First Presbyterian Church, found much reason and good intention on both sides, and some things on each side to blame. He said:

To the Congregational ear of Puritan New England, "Presbyterianism" was a dreaded word. North Essex, too, had always been Arminian in its tendencies, and now under Whitefield and his associates came a Calvinistic reaction. The First and Third Newbury Churches had legal parish rights and duties which almost compelled them to hold on to their members who wished to break away. But by this contest religious liberty was put to a necessary test, and no event in New England history



## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

helped more in the end to secure universal toleration than this sharp issue waged so determinedly on both sides in Newburyport. The ground of the old controversy no longer exists. Probably today no person lives in Newburyport whose theology would have admitted him to the First Presbyterian Church at its beginning; we have all gone astray, nay, rather let us believe, have all progressed, and a larger Christian fellowship is taking the place of the old theological warfares. For centuries to come, unless God shall have for us some better thing, may you in your way, and we in our way, serve the Kingdom of heaven together, though with outward and theological difference, till you by your light and experience, and we by our light and experience, shall have made our full contributions to the good time coming, sharing always in a holy rivalry to fulfil the Master's dying prayer "*That they all may be one.*"

## FROM THE OLD CHURCH OF LONDONDERRY,

Whose historical antecedents justify our styling it the oldest Presbyterian Church in New England, greetings were brought by their genial and beloved pastor, Rev. S. F. French, in the following words:

*Mr. Chairman, and Brethren:*

You have kindly welcomed me as from the Granite state. It so happens that the Presbyterian church of Londonderry, N. H., which I, as settled pastor, have the honor to represent, is the oldest church in the Presbytery of Boston, having been formed in 1735, a hundred and sixty-one years ago.

The settlers of that township were of Scotch ancestry, coming to this country from the north of Ireland. They were a sturdy, intelligent, religious race. They brought their Bible, their Sabbath, their church, their religion with them. Their first religious service was in the open air under the wide spreading oak with a huge rock for pulpit.

From them have sprung a numerous people who migrated to the north and west, even to remote parts of the land. These descendants have proved themselves the bone and sinew of the church everywhere.

While there have been many swarms from the old hive, this ancient church is possessed of much strength still. Its house of worship, for comfort, beauty and refined taste is surpassed by few, if any, in the larger settlements, and the worshippers greatly revere the God and church of their fathers.

It gives me great pleasure to bring the Christian salutation of this time honored church to the First Presbyterian church of Newburyport, whose one hundred and fiftieth anniversary is now being celebrated. In the currents of trade between the sea board and the interior, in former times more than recently perhaps, the people of these churches have been closely related. A former pastor of this First Presbyterian church, Rev. Daniel Dana, D. D., was at one time pastor of the Londonderry church, and the blind preacher Rev. Joseph Prince, whose bones lie beneath this pulpit with those of the immortal Parsons and Whitefield, was once pastor for several years in the near vicinity of Londonderry. As the waters of the ocean ascending in vapor rise to the hills and descending float in abundant streams to old ocean again, so may the blessings of Divine grace continue to fructify these churches and make them an honor in the kingdom of our God forever.

## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Although the greetings from the "Daughter Churches" came in on the second day, by the arrangement of the program, it seems more natural to print them here.

## FROM THE SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

The first of these was a hearty salutation from the Second Presbyterian Church, now known as "The Church of Our Fathers." The pleasant message was brought by the pastor, the Rev. T. James Macfaddin, and was as follows:

*To the pastor, officers and members of the First Presbyterian Church:*

DEARLY BELOVED:—It affords me great pleasure to stand here today as the representative and bearer of Christian greeting from a church whose government and principles are akin to your own; the Church of Our Fathers, the Second Presbyterian Society, Newburyport.

Today you commemorate your one hundred and fiftieth birthday and in a few short months we shall commemorate our one hundred and first of our organization, and our century since we first entered our present church home, which today stands, with the exceptions of the pews, pulpit and position, just as it did when our fathers first received it from the hands of its builders, one hundred years ago; being but ten years younger than the famous old church at Rocky Hill. With your church we stand related as mother and daughter, for the sin of our sep-

aration from you we have fully atoned. That man of God, Dr. Dana, whom we most religiously hated, we afterwards intensely loved. We buried him from our church.

It does me good to stand here, under the roof of this old church that has stood as a monitor of the Most High God, a faithful witness to His truth for fifteen decades, its spire pointing heavenward, its gilded peak illumined by the sun, giving to the weary and heavy laden of earth a shimmering of the glory of Him, the Great Priest who has passed into the heavens.

It does me good to stand here as an American, for right before me, I am told, are the aisles once well filled by heroes called from their devotions by the clashing of arms in that terrible struggle for what is more than life, liberty.

It does me good to stand here today and think of those brave sailors who went down to sea in ships. God bless the sailor.

Might not this be called a sailors' church? When I think of the many who called this old church their home and left it to do business on the great waters, many who first shipped before the mast, and afterwards by hard toil, and fidelity became commanders, as brave a set of men as ever trod a deck or in war fought a ship or in peace a storm, have I not good cause for gladness? When I think of the many noble men of God who have stood in that pulpit and made these old walls resound with their messages of love from the Prince of Peace, am I not reminded of the glory of their Master, yours and mine?

The Holy Ghost has written, that Christ's glory lies in "His brethren, the messengers of the churches, the glory of Christ." When I think of him, over whose remains I am standing, George Whitefield, letting his labors of love pass before me, thinking of his intrepidity in facing section after section of this land which

## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

seemed hide-bound by religiousness perishing for true, pure religion, how earnestly he preached in spite of protest from clergy and people, "Salvation by God's grace through the faith of Jesus Christ, alone," I feel like the wilting grass and flowers that have just been watered by the summer shower, invigorated, encouraged to stand fast, preaching the same old gospel, "Waiting in that blessed hope the glorious appearing of the great God and our Savior Jesus Christ.

When I think of your record as a church that, during the many long months you have stood, you have averaged one soul a month for Christ, this fact alone should be enough to inspire my mission to you this day. As a sister church we greet you, and pray that, when the last moment of the centuries of time shall have ended, when time shall be no more, when the sea and death and hades give up their dead, that you and yours with mine shall appear before the righteous Judge of both heaven and earth as pure, as innocent, as lovely and as fragrant as those flowers appear to us this day.

## FROM THE FOURTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,

BY THE PASTOR, REV. MYRON O. PATTON.

*Mr. Chairman, and Members of the Old South Church:*

The members of the Fourth Religious Society bring you greeting upon this, the happy occasion of your 150th anniversary. One hundred and fifty years old! It seems a long time, and yet, as our beloved brother, Dr. Fiske, told us yesterday, "measured by a life spanning more than half that time it does not seem so very long."

Nearly a half century of this time had passed away when the daughter who now greets you was born. One hundred and

three years have we cultivated our garden plot almost under the shadow of your towering spire. What changes have come to us both. Changes for the better we hope.

When we were born you were a stately matron of forty-seven. Doubtless you seemed to us then quite well along in years. Today a century and more has passed and we seem almost as venerable as yourself. Indeed, so far as outward appearance is concerned, we should be judged your senior. Yet are you richer by nearly half a century of experience than are we; therefore it is fitting that we congratulate you, at this time, not only upon the attainment of so venerable an age, but especially upon your youthful appearance and manifest smartness in spite of your years. Your youthful looks and activity speak well for you. They tell us that in spite of advancing age you have kept the heart young and fresh. You have apparently solved the mystery of the heavenly alchemy whereby it is made possible to transmute advancing age into perpetual youth.

We congratulate you also on the possession of a good name kept untarnished through these years. Some things improve with age. An honored name is one of them.

We congratulate you again upon so glorious a record of noble deeds. The years that reach back to your birth are freighted with the good deeds you have done. Yet not all the good you have done has become history. No mere history of those years can tell the life story of this or any other church.

Once more we wish to congratulate you upon your orthodoxy. To place the name "Presbyterian" over the door of a church is but another way of saying, "We are orthodox."

Dear mother, we are proud of you. Proud because you are our mother: proud, because of your achievements.

## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

For all this and much more, of which we cannot now speak, we bring our greetings and congratulations. May you live to round out another 150 years as useful as the past have been, is the prayer of the membership of the Fourth Religious Society, your daughter. In the words of your present and honored pastor, on the occasion of our own anniversary, let me close: "Our churches have had a blended history in the past, let them be blended still more closely in the future."

FROM THE WHITEFIELD CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,

BY THE PASTOR, REV. JOHN H. REID.

*Mr. Chairman, Members and Friends of the Old South Church:*

I bring to you on this, your one hundred and fiftieth anniversary, the greetings and congratulations of your youngest daughter, the Whitefield church. As I look over this congregation I see a large number of my own people, which testifies to the deep interest we have in this celebration, and I am sure that if our eyes were opened, as were the eyes of the young man, the companion of Elisha, we would see hovering near many a Whitefield saint who has passed within the veil. It is said that "the first right of a child is to be born well." This certainly was our privilege. I believe in blood and am sure the Congregational-Presbyterian blood that flows in our veins is the very best to make good Christians. I will not say that God sifted the Old South Church to give birth to her youngest daughter, for only a handful came out, but the men who founded the Whitefield church were nurtured by their mother in deep piety and were cedars in Lebanon. In a word we congratulate you upon the prophetic character of

## ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

the men who, during all these one hundred and fifty years, have stood in this pulpit and broken the truth to young and old who have met here for worship. They were men who daily talked with God on the Mount, so that Sunday morning when they came before the people their faces shone with a divine illumination and the people listened as for life or death. They were men of intense religious patriotism, and as God's watchmen were faithful to their trust. They did not pass lightly over the sins of their day, but spoke the truth, whether men would hear or forbear. We congratulate you upon the historic character of this church. There are churches older, but we live in deeds not years, and I am sure there are few about which cluster the memory and association of so many great events. Yours is a noble history and we are very proud of our mother, the Old South Church.

### FROM THE NORTH CHURCH.

The North Congregational Church, though neither our "mother" nor "daughter," has always been "as a sister to us," and its pastor, the Rev. Charles P. Mills, spoke for it, but more especially, and by request of our own Christian Endeavor Society, on behalf of that organization at large. His remarks were as follows:

We bring greeting and congratulation to this fortunate pastor who heads this goodly company and general assembly of happy, rejoicing people. When you taste him, he has the flavor, and when he touches you he burns with the fervor of youth.



## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

We rejoice with the Christian Endeavor Society because unto it has been given by Divine Providence to perform a most signal event that seems to harmonize very fittingly with the striking origin of this church.

You are the fruit of the labors of George Whitefield, a pioneer from across the sea, and you have been a church of sea captains. What appeal it makes to the imagination and how the fitness of things appears when we reflect that it was a son of a sea captain, George R. Colby, a former president of your Christian Endeavor Society, who, sailing in the "H. G. Johnson" commanded by his father to Australia, imparted to G. H. Buzacott in Brisbane the first knowledge of the Christian Endeavor Society that was received in that island continent beneath the Southern Cross, where it has met with a favor and developed with a force not exceeded even in the land of its birth. As ye have been planted, so ye have sown, and even more bountifully.

We bring greeting to the Christian Endeavorers in this church because you are the promise and potency of the future. The sons and daughters prophesy, and the young men see visions, and the old men given up to reminiscences yet dream dreams of the good and glory to come through you.

The young people who have received the heritage of the past have also had placed in their hands the keys of the future, and we bid you today to open the golden gates that the King of Glory may come into this church through your radiant and prophetic lives.

# ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

FROM THE Y. M. C. A.,

BY THE GENERAL SECRETARY, WINFIELD P. PORTER.

*Mr. Chairman, Members and Friends of the Old South Church :*

I have been trying to grasp something of the meaning of one hundred and fifty years, all the activities and joys and sorrows of a single day multiplied by one hundred and fifty times three hundred and sixty five.

I love to think of the Old South Church, organized for one hundred and fifty years, and of its church building, standing for one hundred and forty years like a sentinel watching against the encroachment of the foe, like a fortress whose walls have beaten back the tides of sin and wretchedness. I love to think of the scores and hundreds who have entered these doors with burdened hearts and fading hopes, who have gone out filled with hope and burdens lightened after listening to the cheering words which have fallen from this Old South pulpit, as its ministers have spoken forth the wonderful truths that cluster so thickly around the old, old story.

I rejoice to stand here today, and esteem it a privilege to extend to you greetings from the Young Men's Christian Association. I have been pleased this very day, in looking over the Association records, to find, under the date of April 20, 1875, the name of Rev. W. W. Newell, who served you as pastor from 1874 to 1880. I have also been highly gratified to learn that he always took a deep and active interest in the Association, and in all matters pertaining to the welfare of young men.

Last Saturday night, in less than one hour, by actual count, seven hundred and fifty-four visits were made to twelve saloons

## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

of this city by men whose average age could not have exceeded thirty years. But I rejoice that where fourteen doors are open to drag men down there is at least one building, that of the Young Men's Christian Association, with open doors and warmth and cheer and welcome, to help men up.

I know that you will rejoice with me in the fact that today five thousand Young Men's Christian Associations are belting this round world; that in five thousand towns and cities, are to be found these Christian Associations; that even in Jerusalem, and over against the way called Straight, where Saul of Tarsus went down to Damascus, you will find a Young Men's Christian Association. It is a representative of these wide reaching and influential organizations who gives you warm and hearty greeting.

I believe in the Church of Christ on earth. I believe in the great Presbyterian wing of Christ's army. Were not these beliefs mine, I should not have the privilege of thus extending greeting.

Long may the Old South church endure, until every church and every Young Men's Christian Association and every organization which seeks to raise the fallen and extend the cup of cold water to the thirsty, shall join in one magnificent company, under the leadership of Him who is Lord of Lords and King of Kings. And now, "forgetting those things which are behind;"—is that it? I think not under the circumstances, but rather, rejoicing in and profiting by the "Things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before," let us "Press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

## POETICAL OFFERINGS.

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Several poems, sent as tributes of affection for the Old South Church, were read by Mrs. David Foss. Space can be given here for only the poem by Mrs. Haskell, that had been expressly requested for the occasion by the unanimous vote of the General Committee. Others by Rev. W. R. Cochrane, D. D., Mr. Edward D. Pritchard, and Delevan Knight Carter, Esq., will be found in the Appendix to this volume.

### “HOLY MEMORIES CLUSTER.”

*An Anniversary Poem by Mrs. Elizabeth Kimball Haskell,  
of Baker, Oregon.*

Holy memories cluster round thee,  
Ancient church in sea-girt town :  
Generations past have crowned thee  
With a fadeless, pure renown.

Ministering at thine altar,  
Fearless men of God have stood ;  
Men who would not shrink, or falter  
To have sealed their faith with blood.

## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Fires of Sinai here have kindled,  
Bolts of wrath been hurled at sin,  
Vain ambitions paled and dwindled  
As the perfect light shone in.

Sweet as rills in desert places,  
Sounded forth the gospel call,  
Pardon, peace and countless graces  
Offered full and free to all.

Oh, the prayers like incense lifted  
Through the opened gates of Heaven!  
Clouds of doubt and anguish rifted,  
Souls new-born and sins forgiven.

Like a vision now appear,  
Forms that long since passed away;  
Voices sweet, melodious, clear,  
With the invisible choir today.

Here in holy convocation,  
Maid and matron, sire and son,  
Sat the reverent congregation,  
Worshipping the Triune One.

Hearts that thrilled have ceased to beat,  
Burning lips are cold and dumb;  
Yet are heard the pilgrims' feet,  
As they to this Mecca come.

Still pursue thy sacred mission,  
Grand old church, our love and pride!  
Call the sinner to contrition,  
Preach a Saviour crucified.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

Let thy heavenward-pointing spire  
Lift the thought of men above;  
Raise the flagging purpose higher,  
Fill the atmosphere with love.

As of old the Master goeth  
Through his church with eyes like flame;  
He thy patient labor knoweth,  
All thou doest in His name.

Thus the heavenly message runneth,  
'Tis the Spirit makes it known,  
Unto him that overcometh,  
Will I grant to share my throne.

## LETTERS OF CONGRATULATION.

Numerous messages of salutation and congratulation were received from all parts of the country, East, West, North and South. The originals will be bound up in a special volume and placed with our archives. All of them were publicly read by the Pastor; by Mr. William Binley, the clerk of the church; or by Mr. William E. Chase, the chairman of the Committee on Invitation. Some of these have been abridged and others are printed in full, while others again can only be gratefully mentioned; but all were prized and will be treasured.

### FROM THE PRESBYTERY OF BOSTON.

At a special meeting of the Presbytery of Boston, held March 30, 1896, it was unanimously voted, by a rising vote, to authorize Rev. Luther H. Angier, D. D., and Rev. Peter M. MacDonald, D. D., "to convey to the beloved First Church of Newburyport, which is one of the oldest in our Presbytery, as well as one of the best and most highly honored, our heartfelt congratulations on her growth, prosperity, and perseverance amid

## ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

a century and a half of arduous labors and tempestuous trials, for the sake of the truth as it is in the Lord Jesus Christ. Our prayer is that century after century may be added to your career, till the Lord shall come to make up His jewels."

The above committee did their duty, and the above resolution was publicly read before the congregation assembled.

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### FROM THE OLDEST CHURCH IN AMERICA.

The following is an abridgment of a greeting read in full from Christ Church at Hempstead, Long Island, which merits the honor of being the oldest church of our denomination in America.

*Dear Brethren:*

It is with pleasure that the members of this historic church, through their Pastor and elders, congratulate you upon the benign Providence of God that has vouchsafed to you such an era of glorious achievements. Our churches have a common origin in the Puritanism of Old and New England, and rejoice in ancestors who gave its ecclesiastical and civil development to our Western continent. They built for eternity, as well as for time. Your anniversary celebration lets the present generation see the beginnings of life in this country, as the sun lifts the fog, showing objects in their true proportion and setting. Your venerable church was founded and kept alive regardless of indifferent friend or outspoken foe.

We join with you in lauding those Puritans who were Calvinistic in doctrine and Presbyterian in polity. The founder of our own church was a typical Presbyterian Puritan, Rev. Richard Denton, a pastor in Halifax, England, from 1623 to 1630, when he was driven away by the animosity of the Crown. He was in New England till 1644, when he and his flock were



## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

again driven out and found a permanent home in Hempstead. Our church and your church are connected with the beginnings of American civilization, in touch with the process that made the Declaration of Independence and the United States Constitution possible. May the struggles, trials, successes and victories of the past be an inspiration to you for the days to come, so that, under the blessing of God, both pastor and people may advance the good work begun by the fathers, and bring glory and honor to the cause of the Master and the name of our beloved Presbyterian Church.

FRANK MELVILLE KERR, Pastor,  
And all the Elders.

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### FROM THE "OLD FIRST" OF NEW YORK.

The "Old First" Presbyterian Church in the city of New York sends greeting to the "Old South" Presbyterian Church in Newburyport, Massachusetts, upon the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its organization:

*Beloved Servants of Christ:*

We congratulate you upon that kindly Providence which has privileged you to uphold the principles of our common faith and order upon an altar-spot hallowed by the consecrating influences of a century and a half of worship. We rejoice in your joy with a kinsfolk gladness. A bond of kindred experience unites us. Like you, we have learned the worth of a legacy of storied memories, and have felt the thrilling inspirations which are enkindled by a venerable spiritual ancestry.

From out your home circle, one and another has entered into the fellowship of our household, enriching us with benedictions of Christian force and grace which you had cultured.

## ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

Moreover, the life of that man of God, George Whitefield, above whose sacred dust, with untiring vigil you keep ever burning the flame of a reverential memory, rivets your Church and ours in a singular intimacy.

A mighty revival issuing from the ministry of Whitefield was the spring of our prosperity. He smote the frowning rocks which challenged the advance of our infant church, and healing streams gushed forth, which to this day yield perennial refreshing. A heart subduing appeal from the lips of Whitefield, led a lad up Calvary, who in the after time ministered to our Church in its longest pastorate, and made the name of John Rodgers an heirloom of American Presbyterianism.

It is with an heart warm and with unfeigned earnestness, therefore, that we invoke in your behalf the favor of the God of the Covenant.

May the Shepherd of Israel, who has guided you over so long and shining a pathway of service, lead you on into a future of ever widening influence in maintaining the honor of His name, and in the bringing of His great grace to the help of this needy world.

HOWARD DUFFIELD,

Pastor of the "Old First" Church.

EUGENE McJIMSEY,

Clerk of Session.

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### FROM THE FOURTH CHURCH OF NEW YORK.

The Fourth Presbyterian Church of New York City, forty years the junior of the "Old South," sends loving greeting and sincere congratulation upon the auspicious celebration at hand. You have made grand history, and we are sure you purpose to keep on making it; for there is nothing like the perseverance of the saints. May you one and all be richly blessed in Him who is the same, yesterday, today and forever.

In behalf of the Session,

JOSEPH D. KERR, Pastor.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

FROM THE FIRST CHURCH OF KANSAS CITY.

*Dearly Beloved in the Lord:*

The Session of the First Presbyterian Church of Kansas City, Mo., moderated by the Pastor, in behalf of the congregation, sends Christian greetings. We congratulate you upon the occasion of your one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the existence of your organization. May the blessing of the Great Head of the Church continue to rest upon you and prosper one of the "Mother" Presbyterian churches in America. The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make His face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee and give thee peace.

Signed by order of Session,

P. S. BROWN, Senior Elder.

FROM THE FIRST RELIGIOUS SOCIETY.

The following greeting is doubly significant, first, as being unique of its kind among the local churches; and, secondly, because it is, so far as known, the only official recognition ever given by this "Mother Church" that the truant daughter was worthy of regard. For both these reasons the salutation is acceptable and welcome.

The First Religious Society of Newburyport sends its cordial greetings to the First Presbyterian Church on this, the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its organization. Being, in part at least, an offshoot of this Church, we congratulate our eldest daughter on the good work accomplished in the past, and trust that in aiding to build up the Kingdom of God upon earth in

## ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

the future, her success may be still more marked. Your history is one of which you may well feel proud, interwoven as it is with that of the Town, the State and the Nation, in all the great movements for the advancement of mankind for the past century and a half.

May that love of God which animates Christianity unite us all in working for that "Peace on earth and good will to men," emphasized as it is at this Easter season, until there is established upon this earth a veritable brotherhood of all mankind.

For and in behalf of the Society,

H. B. LITTLE,	} Committee.
H. E. LUNT,	
A. W. GREENLEAF.	

NEWBURYPORT, Mass., April 6th, 1896.

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### FROM THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The Historical Society of Old Newbury would tender its congratulations to the First Presbyterian Society of Newburyport, (the "Old South Church") upon the very successful celebration of its one hundred and fiftieth anniversary, and would express the confident trust that

"It's work of tongue and pen,  
It's love of God and men,"

will in coming time be still more worthy the respect and honor of the community than it has been in the past.

In behalf of the Society,

EMILY A. GETCHELL, Secretary.

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### FROM REV. BREVARD D. SINCLAIR.

The following greeting, dated at Charlotte, N. C., April 3rd, 1896, and addressed to the Committee on

## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Invitation, is from the pen of one of the three living pastors who have served this Church, and it is accordingly printed in full:

*Dear Brethren:*

Your invitation to be present on the occasion of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the completed organization of the First Presbyterian Church of Newburyport, Mass., has just been received, having been forwarded to me from my home in Placerville, Cal. The fact of my absence from my home will account for this tardy response to your invitation to be present with you on that occasion. I regret exceedingly my inability to be with you and the dear people of my former church and parish on that memorable anniversary. Nothing but circumstances over which I have no control prevents my participation in the love-feast which I sincerely pray God will be indulged in then by the descendants and successors of the elect and heroic founders of the Old South Church.

For the past few days I have been in attendance in this vicinity upon the centennial anniversary of the Concord Presbytery in the synod of North Carolina. The meetings were held in a Presbyterian church which completed its organization in 1736. Although not immediately founded by George Whitefield, still the influence of his masterful heart and revival fervor greatly affected it from its birth. As I sat in this assembly, and heard the addresses, the biographies, and the sketches of these pastors and churches of blessed memory in my native state and county (all of whom were greatly influenced, quickened, nurtured and sustained by the great Whitefield) my heart consciously returned to the church of Federal street, beneath whose pulpit repose his sacred bones, and in whose walls I was permitted to break with you one and all the bread of life and preach to you the same Gospel which Whitefield thundered from Newburyport to Georgia. As one by one the biographies of ministers of this

region in the colonial days were read, it thrilled my heart to hear it said of many of them that they had been brought out of darkness into light, comforted in their affliction and inspired with holy zeal by the man who, under God, was the spiritual father of the Old South Church.

The old theological controversy which was waged in New England between the "New Side" under Whitefield and the "Old Side" on the part of the silurian ecclesiasticism of the eighteenth century I found was also carried on here in the churches of my native land, and reminded me of that separation from the First Congregational Parish of Newbury, Mass., which caused Jonathan Parsons to be its first pastor and honored me by making me the twelfth.

Nothing would so rejoice my heart as to be present with you, my beloved brethren, the Pastor, the people of the church, the parish, your children, the venerable Dr. Vermilye (who shares with me the honor of being surviving pastor) and the friends, neighbors and kindred, who will with you mingle the congratulations and the thanksgivings of the past with the hopes of the future.

God has vouchsafed to you a noble history, a precious heritage and an immortal name. The Gospel which George Whitefield, Jonathan Parsons and the pastors of the Old South have preached, and its people have loved and believed for one hundred and fifty years, is the Gospel which Paul preached, Augustine defended, Luther reformed and Whitefield revived.

"The honors of a name 'tis just to guard;  
They are a trust but lent us, which we take,  
And should in reverence to the donor's fame,  
With care transmit them down to other hands."

I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that while you are as liberal as the love of God, you may be as conservative as His word, and that you and your children and your children's children may as faithfully enshrine in the century

## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

to come the faith of Whitefield as you have securely safeguarded in the past the mortal relics of the great preacher.

I would affectionately urge you also to the catholicity of George Whitefield, whose heart embraced two continents and upon whom came daily the care of the churches from Georgia to New England. As I pen these words, I am writing on the spot where, when the Presbyterian people of Mecklenburg County, N. C., received the news that the British "had inhumanly shed the blood of American patriots at Lexington," they issued the first Declaration of American Independence, in response to that Christian and fraternal sentiment, which animated the founders of our beloved Presbyterian church in America, and fitted its members to march to Bunker Hill at the drum-beat of Christian patriotism and muster at King's Mountain, Cowpens and Yorktown. And it was George Whitefield who brought the power of the Holy Ghost to bear upon the life of the great Rev. Alexander Craighead of this place, by which he moulded the character of the Presbyterian patriots of the colony in North Carolina, who issued the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence.

Of Craighead it was said that "he laid the egg that set the hen, that hatched the cock, that crowed on the morn of May the 20th, 1775."

Surrounded by these historic reminiscences you can perceive that I am keenly in touch and sympathy with your transactions of April the 7th, 1896. For nearly five years your pastor, having been welcomed in your homes, mingling my tears with yours in the hour of sorrow and bereavement, rejoicing with you as you rejoiced, baptising your children and burying your dead, I shall ever cherish for you all the fondest affection.

There will be at your anniversary vacant chairs; there will will not be heard the sound of voices which I loved once to hear. Some of your number have put off this mortal that they might put on immortality. These reflections awaken in me mingled emotions of joy and sorrow, and make me content

## ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

to be deprived of the pleasure of meeting with you all as I recall the pain I would feel by reason of the absent faces and hushed voices of your beloved dead.

In conclusion let me congratulate you upon the completion of the hundred and fifty years of your church history, and let me urge you in the words of Dryden :

“ Do then as your progenitors have done,  
And by your virtues prove yourself their son.”

Will you read for me as my message to you from the Word of God, Philippians IV, from the seventh to the ninth verse. With fondest, faithful regard.

Affectionately yours in Christ Jesus,  
BREVARD D. SINCLAIR.

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FROM BISHOP CLARK.

*To the Pastor and Members of the First Presbyterian Church :*

I have promised, whenever I had the strength given me, to write a few words of congratulation on the occasion of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Federal Street Church. More than eighty years have passed since I sat on the little cricket in my father's pew and listened to the tones of good Dr. Dana's voice as he addressed his people from the pulpit.

The church edifice in those days had a very different appearance from the structure which now accommodates the congregation. I wish that it could be reproduced for a day or two during the present commemorative services. Every feature of the old building is distinct in my memory—the lofty roof, the white-washed walls—the projecting beams—the uncurtained windows—the uncarpeted aisles, (crossing and re-crossing each other,)—the pews unpainted, excepting a few occupied by the richer



## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

people,—unique chandelier (the like of which was never seen in any other building,) the wonderful pulpit surmounted by the formidable sounding board,—the square pew below, where the aged men sat and dozed during the sermon, the narrow enclosure, in front, for the accommodation of the Deacons :—(good Deacon Moody, I can see him so distinctly with his placid and reverend face and closed eyes—and Deacon Beck with the huge trumpet in his ear)—the semi-circular Communion table which hung on its hinges excepting during the administration of the Sacrament—there is to my mind a special charm in the recollection of this venerable building.

I have only a faint remembrance of Dr. Dana's ministry, but I well recollect how my mother wept on the day when he preached his farewell sermon. He was a man of rare accomplishments—a holy man, whose presence inspired one with awe.

Dr. Dana's successor, the Rev. Samuel P. Williams, was a very remarkable preacher and, young as I was, his sermons made a strong impression upon my mind.

I can never forget one of his impressive discourses entitled "Funeral Sermons to the Living." He never faltered in the utterance of his convictions, and I remember one of the striking sentences, in which his sermons abounded: "None but Almighty God can *create* a soul, but any fool can *destroy* one." He died early, although he seemed to me an old man, and the occasion of his funeral, with the sable drapery of the pulpit—the solemn music of "The Dead March, in Saul," the great sermon by the Rev. Dr. Withington, the array of Clergy and the crowded congregation left an impression upon me which can never be effaced.

According to the custom of the day, all the ministers in the town took their turn in giving a Sunday service after his death, the salary continuing in the meantime for the benefit of the widow.

Dr. Andrews of the Pleasant Street church came first, as the oldest minister, and next Dr. Morss of St. Paul's appeared in

full costume, gown, cassock and bands, after the style of the day, and read a portion of the Episcopal service before the sermon. It may not be known to all that the folio pulpit Bible in the Federal Street Church which I presume is still in use, contains the Church of England Book of Common Prayer.

Mr. Williams was succeeded by the Rev. Mr. Proudfit and the church was remodeled, to suit our modern notions of utility and convenience. At the period of which I write, the congregation was very large, comprising a great number of the most respectable people of the town, whom I can recall today with very great distinctness—but they have all passed away and their voices are silent now.

There were many saintly disciples worshipping in the old Church who now rest in Paradise.

God grant that those who now occupy their places may follow their good example—trusting to the mercy and love of the same Saviour upon whom they relied alone for their Salvation.

If I had the strength I would be glad to continue these reminiscences at greater length, and with my sincere congratulations to the Pastor and people of this ancient parish,

I remain very affectionately yours,

THOMAS M. CLARK.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., February 7th, 1896.

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FROM REV. GEORGE H. CLARK, D. D.

*To the Committee on Invitation:*

The memories of my boyhood in the Old Presbyterian Church are of the sweetest kind, and of late years sitting in my study, under a picture of our Newburyport home, I have often mused for the half hour, on the dear old town and the dear old church and the dear ones who are gone.

What pictures are before me now! I can see (seventy years ago) Mr. Williams solemnly moving down Federal street for the

## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

morning service, but cannot recall his sermons, which, however, when a man, I read with more than common interest.

Mr. Proudfit seemed as one of our family. Of him and of his father (of Salem, N. Y.) I have most agreeable recollections. The aged father when visiting in our house on Green street made me learn the Psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd."

Mr. Stearns was a kind, good and able man, but he intimated from the pulpit too often that his life would probably be a short one; that is the only thing which I remember of his preaching. The fact that he lived to an old age probably kept his dismal announcement before me. The old church building altered in 1829 I distinctly remember. Our pew in it was the left hand back one at the Federal street entrance, and we could see from that point all that was going on. Mr. Fitz who sat in front, an old gentleman, was, for some forgotten reason, my constant study. Our Sexton I looked on with awe, and in the winter time with great interest. I can see him now marching one-third of the way up the "broad aisle" puffing his breath into the air in order to ascertain if the heat was sufficient. It was not. His breath was usually seen, and cold feet had to be kept cold until they could be got back to a wood fire on the hearth at home.

That change of 1829 in the edifice was a great event. For a time in our house it put talk of the war of 1812 and its disastrous results, "French claims" and common business matters, quite aside. When the brazen numbers for the pews reached the town by the mail stage I was highly excited. Those sponge-like ornaments on the ceiling above the chandelier were my frequent study.

The ponderous Whitefield monument stands now fixed in my memory. After 1829 our pew was near the pulpit. It was a good pew, but for me too near the coffins under it. The custom of turning round on the singing of one hymn, face to the singers, gave opportunity of seeing those who sat behind us, and was compensation for the loss of the old pew. My revered grandfather, Abraham Wheelwright, occupied a pew in front of

us, and his brother Ebenezer sat two or three pews back of us. Near him (in the pew with him, I think) was Mr. William Bartlet, who did so much for the Andover Seminary. My interest in Mr. Bartlet arose from the fact that he had, if my memory fails not, 14 buttons on his waistcoat; a garment now reduced in size and called vest.

Mr. James Caldwell was in the pew behind us; he was a good man and my Sunday school teacher. In pews near us were Miss Hannah F. Gould, and many other noble women, and men not a few, who were prominent in the town. Mr. George Lunt, Capt. Cushing, Capt. Simpson, Mr. Wills, Mr. Pettingell, Caleb Cushing with his finely cut and thoughtful face. The church was full and seats were occupied in the galleries.

In all my experience I have never seen in any parish a nobler company of women than those who worshipped in the new edifice between the years 1830 and 1835. Some of them were real saints; beautiful in their lives and character; and among them was my precious mother.

The old chapel must not be forgotten. Missionary and other meetings I attended in it, and it fell to me sometimes to count the collections, Spanish coin clipped, perforated, often worn smooth, which my father took home for the missionaries.

Sixty-one years have gone since I left my early home, but now I can truly say that I am thankful that Newburyport was my birthplace, and that my earliest training was so closely connected with the Presbyterian Church on Federal street.

Very truly yours,

GEORGE H. CLARK.

HARTFORD, Conn., March 5th, 1896.

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FROM REV. JOHN PIKE, D. D.

*To the Committee on Invitation:*

Your letter of January 18th saying that the "Old South" Church, of my native city, was to celebrate its 150th anniversary

## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

and asking me to send a few lines of fraternal greeting has awakened many interesting memories.

I was at once carried back to the early years of the century when, as a very little boy, I ran down Federal street to the church and into the gallery where my father was leader of the choir. He took me in his arms and wrapping me within his cloak held me until the close of the service. The love there begotten for the dear old Federal Street Church has grown with every passing year of my life. I was early taken into its fold, and it continued my church home for many years. How vividly come to mind at this time good Deacon Moody and Mary C. Greenleaf—saints of whom the world was not worthy—and a score of others, some of whom were my beloved kindred.

For their blessed memory and that of all the faithful who have won the crown—for your present and for your future, I join with you in giving thanks to God, the giver of all things.

Your brother in Christ,

JOHN PIKE.

ROWLEY, March 16, 1896.

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FROM REV. ALEXANDER PROUDFIT, D. D.

*Beloved Brethren:*

I regret that I cannot attend your anniversary celebration. Although my father had ceased to be its pastor when I was born, he was never weary of speaking of the church he loved so well. As often as possible he visited Newburyport, and on several occasions took me with him. The names of its older members were familiar to me; some of them were our guests; more than once have I enjoyed their hospitality, and spoken in the pulpit beneath which repose the remains of the prince of evangelists. Often, when my father revisited your city, even for a night, word would be passed around, the bell would be rung, and an audience would gather to hear him preach. His friends there were dear

## ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

to him to the close of life, and I doubt not their intercourse has been renewed, never to be broken, in our Father's House on high. The Psalmist says: "Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children, whom thou mayest make princes in all the earth." So God perpetuates his people; so Christ perpetuates his church. May God fulfill this promise to the dear Old First Church in all the generations to come.

Yours in Christ,

ALEXANDER PROUDFIT.

SPRINGFIELD, Ohio, April 3rd, 1896.

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FROM HON. SARGENT P. STEARNS.

*To the Committee on Invitation:*

I express my very great regret that it is impossible for me to attend the exercises connected with the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the organization of the "Old South Church."

My father was its pastor when the hundredth anniversary was celebrated fifty years ago, and I wish I could be present now to renew the many tender memories and associations the occasion will suggest, and in his name and speaking as I know he would do if he were living, attempt to express something of the affection, and interest, and pride he felt in the Church and its people to the last days of his life, and the wish and confident hope that the prosperity and usefulness which have made the Old South Church so conspicuous among the churches of New England may broaden and deepen and grow more beneficent through the coming century.

I would like to have told them on my own account that I have never ceased, no one of my father's blood can ever cease, to appreciate and be grateful for the touching tribute they so spontaneously and generously paid to my father's memory at the time of his death.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Trusting that the celebration may be, as I doubt not it will, a great success, and with assurance of my kindest regards, believe me

Very truly yours,

SARGENT P. STEARNS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 5th, 1896.

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FROM REV. J. D. KINGSBURY, D. D.

*To the Committee on Invitation:*

I deeply regret that my duties are such that it is not possible for me to accept the kind invitation to attend the most interesting anniversary of the First Presbyterian Church.

I rejoice that you will remember together all the way the good Lord has led you through these centuries.

The early history of the Church was marked by the wonderful baptism of the Holy Ghost, and the story of the years that have followed has been the story of the love of God.

I love to think of the noble line of godly men who have served in the pastorate.

I take great delight in the memory of the vast number of men and women who have walked together in love and who have served the kingdom of God and have now entered into rest.

I have large hope for the years to come.

The benedictions of the past will rest on the church. The good Father in heaven will still bless and keep his children. Under the wise leadership of the present pastor the church is to accomplish great good.

Heaven bless you dear brother and the church of your love.

Affectionately ever,

J. D. KINGSBURY.

BRADFORD, Mass., April 4, 1896.



## ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

FROM DR. WISHARD, OF UTAH.

*Dear Classmate and Brother:*

Greeting to the noble Church of which you are the honored Pastor, and to which I am greatly indebted, through one of its Christian women, to whom, next to my own mother, I owe more than to any other person. Her name was Miss Maria Titcomb, the daughter of an old ship-builder, and away back in the forties, she married an Andover student named P. S. Cleland. In those days Andover had a reputation for solid things as far west as our Hoosier state. It then belonged to the Church on earth, and had not attained its present ethereal altitude. The young minister, with the treasure Newburyport gave him, migrated to Indiana, and did mission work at Greenwood, without the aid of any Home Missionary Board.

My introduction to them was when I put a load of hay in the mow for the missionary's horse. The kindly words of the Yankee woman so touched the heart of the farmer-boy that it nearly thumped the buttons off his jacket. A little later she loaned me books that gave tone to my Christian life in its earliest development. At the right moment she put in my hands Dr. Plumer's "Call to the Ministry," and it was indeed a call, and I said, "Here am I, send me."

I can recall another touch from your seashore city, when plodding my way through Wabash College. I was boarding myself at the rate of forty cents a week, and had given my last "flip-penny bit" into the contribution-box, and was wondering whence the next would come; when a letter arrived from Mrs. Cleland with ten dollars as a gift from a friend in Newburyport, a maiden lady, and that made my fortune to the end of the term with the help of your father's woodpile and saw-buck. At the close of my middle year at Lane Seminary, I had occasion to go to Boston with Mrs. Cleland, who was on her way to visit her aged father, and under her escort I visited your church and city, not suspecting that my classmate would now be ministering



## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

where Whitefield preached, while I am out here in Utah hammering away on the infamous system of Mormonism.

Let me congratulate your people on their long and noble history, and on the noble stand for truth which they have ever maintained. Not less are they to be congratulated on the noble men and women whom they have given to the West. The faces that greet me every morning, as I arise and go forth for service, are those of the once Miss Titcomb and her husband, Dr. Cleland. Last autumn I picked an evergreen sprig from their graves at Topeka, Kansas.

May I also congratulate you, my classmate, on the blessed fact that your life has been spared through the years of toil the Master has permitted you to enjoy. Our paths have diverged, yet the divergence has been only seemingly, for the roads travelled by all believers lead to the City of God, where I trust we may meet again.

Yours as ever,

SAMUEL E. WISHARD.

OGDEN, Utah, March 24, 1896.

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FROM DR. LITTLE, OF TEXAS.

### *To the Committee on Invitation:*

I am heartily glad of your anniversary. In 1640 George Little settled in Newburyport. His son Tristram was the father of Enoch, and my grandfather was Enoch's son. Enoch married, June 5th, 1759, Hannah, daughter of Samuel and Mary Hovey. It is not vain to have in one's veins a vane with such a pointing, nor is it vain to be proud of such veins, and to strive to make them vanes indicating a useful life. There was something prophetic in the conversion of Enoch Little, as he clung to the railing of the pulpit of your church. He was eleven years old, and Whitefield was preaching. Most of his descendents were converted in childhood, and received a revival type of piety. My

father and uncle Jacob when they spent their last day together counted over their nephews and nieces, forty-four in all. Two of them were not Christians. They spent a day in prayer for those two, and they were converted. Afterwards my father, a man of practical faith told me, "And there was one more that we forgot, what a pity!" It was a voice from out the old-time church. Henry Ward Beecher drilled his voice in a valley where there were three echoes, and so your grand old Church drilled its piety under conditions of great formalism, but its impression belts the globe. My greetings to your pastor, of whom I am a former pupil and a life-long friend, and to the aged church of which he has the pastoral care.

HENRY S. LITTLE,

DENNISON, Texas, Feb. 29th 1896.

#### FROM OTHER FRIENDS.

Rev. William A. McCorkle, D. D., of Detroit, Mich., and formerly pastor of the Springfield Street Presbyterian Church of Boston, sent a message of congratulation to the Church, and of affectionate greeting to the pastor, reminding Dr. Hovey of the time when he, as a boy, was in Dr. McCorkle's Sunday school class at Crawfordsville, Indiana. He spoke also of some of the features of controversy between Old School and New School Presbyterianism. His letter was made peculiarly touching by the fact that it was among the last he ever penned; his death occurring about a fortnight later.

His Honor, Andrew R. Curtis, the Mayor of the city, conveyed to us his regrets at not being able to accept our invitation to take some part in the social festivities and to enjoy the public exercises.

Three of the city pastors who had been invited to fill places on the program, were unable to do so and sent their regrets, namely Rev. John W. Ward, of the People's Methodist Episcopal

## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Church, Rev. R. E. Bisbee, of the Washington Street Methodist Episcopal Church and Rev. H. H. Churchill, of the Advent Church.

Among the distinguished guests present was Mrs. Octavia W. Richardson, and messages came from Mrs. Durfee, Mrs. Newell and Mrs. Wallace, ladies whose husbands were formerly pastors of this church. Hon. George F. Stone, of Chicago, Capt. Moses J. Mulliken, Mrs. Eliza A. Merchant, Miss Margaret M. Stone, Miss Sarah M. Stone, and Mrs. Waldo B. Smith, all of this city, and all descendents of Rev. Jonathan Parsons, the first pastor of our Church, sent greetings and also attended the exercises. Mrs. Lydia C. Tucker and Miss Ada N. Tucker, daughter and great grand-daughter of Dr. Daniel Dana, another honored pastor, were among the guests of the occasion, being also members of this Church.

Thus every pastor, from the very first, except Mr. Murray and Mr. Williams, was in some manner represented at our Anniversary.

Numerous absent members of this Church remembered the occasion and sent their messages of affectionate salutation.

Greetings were likewise received from the following persons:

Professor Edwards A. Park, D. D., the veteran theologian of Andover Seminary, a classmate of the pastor's father.

Ex-President Joseph F. Tuttle, D. D., and President George S. Burroughs, D. D., of Wabash College, Indiana.

Rev. Henry A. Davenport, D. D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, of Bridgeport, Conn.

Rev. Luther H. Angier, D. D., of Boston.

Rev. W. R. Cochrane, D. D., of Antrim, N. H.

Rev. James Mitchell, Ph.D., of South Framingham, Mass.

Rev. A. J. Arrick, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Mount Sterling, Kentucky, that has just celebrated its centennial.

Rev. Edwin Charles Haskell, of Sigourney, Iowa.

Mr. William H. Baldwin, President of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

Mr. John Ward Dean, secretary of the New England Historical Society.

Mr. Anthony S. Morse, Charlestown, Mass.

Mr. George Whitefield Betts, Englewood, N. J.

Mr. Charles G. Blatchley and family, Wayne, Penn.

Mr. Lucius L. Day and family, Wayne, Penn.

Mr. Horace W. Hovey, Independence, Iowa.

Miss Mary Freeman Hovey, Crawfordsville, Indiana.

Rev. and Mrs. Henry F. Ellinwood, Victor, N. Y.

Edmund Otis Hovey, Ph. D., and Mrs. Hovey, New York City.

## ADDITIONAL POEMS.

Spontaneous poetical offerings, mentioned on page 134 as to appear in an Appendix, seem to be preferably in place along with the other reminders of friendship from the absent admirers of the Old South Church; and as tokens of affection they have a value of their own that calls for suitable recognition. They are the following:

### FROM THE AGES PAST.

BY MR. EDWARD D. PRITCHARD.

(From the early days, members of the Pritchard family have done faithful work in the Church, the Parish and the Sabbath School, and those of the present generation have good cause for recalling with gratitude the memories awakened by these lines.)

The echoes re-echoed through the ages past  
Are prolonged by their rolling while time shall last;  
And we hear the song of the angels again—  
“To God be the glory, and good will to men.”

Our fathers builded on this as foundation  
For all that they wished for home and the nation;  
And they placed on their church the heaven-pointing spire  
But proved by holy living their lofty desire.

## ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

Their works do follow, though the fathers are gone,  
As fragrance the flowers the tempest has strewn;  
Or, like the bold ship which the mad waves defied,  
They come gracefully in with the evening tide.

We are proud of their names, and boast noble blood,  
And ask for the talents—so faithfully used—  
To establish throughout this sin-stricken world  
Temples of freedom for the glory of God.

They beckon us on from the evergreen shore,  
But only the faithful have right to go o'er;  
So we'll work while 'tis day, till the night shall come,  
And we hear from the angels the glad "Come home!"

God of our fathers! Grant to each ere we part,  
The most precious of blessings, a God-touched heart.  
And we'll give thee now, and we hope evermore,  
All glory and honor, dominion and power!

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### "WHEN I AM WEAK, THEN AM I STRONG."

BY DELEVAN KNIGHT CARTER, ESQ.

(The author of these lines, a relative of the pastor, and one who loves and honors the Old South Church for its history and for the good it has done, claims nothing but leave to say so in his own way.)

I'd write a verse—I would rehearse  
Had I that in me which  
Could pen a line or make a rhyme  
Devoutly true or rich,  
To tell your virtues and your might,  
Your honored ways to speak;  
But I cannot, though my love is great;  
My words fail—I am weak.

## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

My words are weak, and I am weak,  
My thoughts I can't declare;  
For you, Old Church, to me are grand!  
There's nothing to compare  
In me, or mine, or in my rhyme;  
My words are worse than Greek;  
For while I love you, dear Old Church,  
To word it, I'm too weak.

But yet I write with true delight,  
And labor to set forth  
My love for you in all you do,  
Your past and present worth.  
And through the Power that moves the world  
To grace, we all may seek  
A home with God, who built this Church;  
For God saves—though we're weak.

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## “THE FATHERS THAT PLANTED SO WELL.”

(From Rev. W. R. Cochrane, D. D., of Antrim, N. H., longest settled pastor in Boston Presbytery.)

How I'd love to be with you my Brother, today,  
As you tell of the toils and the tears,—  
As you gather the garlands that bloomed by the way  
Of the hundred and fifty years.

We know not the fathers that planted so well  
In the times of troubles and fears;  
But the seed has borne fruit as we all can tell.  
For a hundred and fifty years.

## ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

Then George the Second was having his round—  
That “snuffy old drone,” it appears,  
When the fathers joined hands on this holy ground,  
Back a hundred and fifty years.

I doubt not their names are spoken above,  
And many an Angel hears,  
While we tell of their faith and their Christian love,  
Back a hundred and fifty years.

Oh, children in wonder, Oh, parents in prayer,  
Now gone to the radiant spheres—  
Here centered their worship, and love and care,  
Back a hundred and fifty years.

Here Whitefield, speaking the burning word,  
And others whom love endears,  
In whispers out of the past are heard  
For a hundred and fifty years.

Oh stand, old Church, while time shall last!  
Be spoken, O Word that cheers!  
May the light shine clear, as it has in the past,  
These hundred and fifty years.

Oh, the good for which they toiled and wept,  
And the Faith, which our heart reveres—  
May we keep it as true as our fathers have kept,  
These hundred and fifty years.

Till we meet them all where the blessed are met,  
Where heaven its portal rears,  
And the saints in their endless joy forget  
The centuries and the years!







OLD SOUTH CHURCH, CHAPEL, AND HOME OF GARRISON.

## THE BANQUET.

Abundant hospitality was afforded for all guests. Those from out of town were entertained by the Reception Committee, at the Wolfe Tavern, or privately at the homes of members of the congregation. A fine banquet was spread in the chapel, Wednesday evening, previous to Dr. Vermilye's historical address in the main audience room. The arrangements for this social feast were ably cared for by the special committee appointed for the purpose, of which Mr. Charles C. Donnell was the chairman, aided by Mr. Edgar J. Batchelder, and the chairman of the General Committee, with other members of the congregation. As some two hundred and fifty guests were to be provided for, and the space was limited, it was necessary to admit only by ticket. A hearty welcome was given by the pastor, who introduced Rev. Peter M. MacDonald, D. D., of Boston, as the presiding officer for the occasion. In the absence of Dr. Angier, who was to have invoked the divine blessing, that was

done by Rev. Dr. Fiske of Belleville, after which began the discussion of the viands sumptuously prepared by Messrs. Fowle and Johnston of the Wolfe Tavern, the well-known caterers.

When the repast was finished, the post-prandial eloquence was begun by Dr. MacDonald in a felicitous speech. He glorified Presbyterianism in general, tracing it down from Adam and Moses to the present time, showing that nearly everything good in this world was due to its direct or indirect agency; and then in the happiest manner complimented the Old South Church on what he termed its "magnificent history," and on the style in which its great anniversary was being celebrated. He referred to the historical addresses in terms of the warmest praise, and congratulated the pastor, the session, the General Committee, and all the special committees on the rare ability shown in their plans and arrangements.

What followed was wholly impromptu, no set order of speech-making having been provided. Dr. David Foss spoke briefly and earnestly on behalf of the parish, of whose standing committee he is the chairman. Elder Charles M. Pritchard made an effective speech, as a representative of the session, very justly claiming that, on these historic occasions the rank and file of the army should be honored,

without whom the officers could do but little. He referred to the generous and loyal laymen and supporters of the church, whose names should be had in loving remembrance. Mr. Charles W. Jacoby was called on to speak for the young people, and did so in excellent terms of eulogy, paying also a tribute to the aged. Nathaniel Appleton, Esquire, editor of the Herald, spoke on behalf of the press, without whose labors such anniversaries would hardly be so successful, and between which and the religious community there ought to be the most intimate friendship. Mr. Prentiss H. Reed, secretary of the General Committee, was called on for a few remarks, but offered as a substitute one of Whittier's poems referring to the Old South Church, which was impressively read by his daughter, Miss Tula M. Reed. Speeches were made by Rev. L. A. Pope, pastor of the Baptist church, and by Rev. C. P. Mills, pastor of the North Congregational Church, neither of which had been closely related historically with our church, but both of which had many interests allied to ours, and had always watched with gratification the growth and success of their Presbyterian sister. Mr. Mills enlivened his address by witty points and telling anecdotes. Mr. William Little, President of the Historical Society, reviewed at considerable

length the historic facts bearing on the final reconciliation of the Oldtown church and the Old South, and which he thought should be recalled with pleasure at such a time as this. Other speakers would have been gladly heard, but the hour had arrived for the evening service, and after closing words and a prayer by Dr. Vermilye, the company adjourned to the main audience room.

## THE EVENING SERVICES.

The historical addresses, on Tuesday evening by the pastor, and on Wednesday evening by Dr. Vermilye, appear in full in the first part of this volume; and all that need be said concerning them here is that everybody was delighted with the accuracy, ability, pains-taking fidelity and eloquence with which these ministers of the Gospel accomplished their agreeable task. The result as now embodied in this memorial volume will be appreciated as a valuable addition to the local and colonial treasures of historical literature. The supplementary reminiscences of the Rev. John R. Thurston, who for ten years was the pastor of the First Church of Old Newbury, were fraught with eloquence and fervor, and were heard with breathless attention. It is a matter of regret that, as they were wholly extempore, it has not been found practicable to reproduce them for this volume.

Among the most attractive features of all the services must be mentioned the instrumental and vocal music, as indicated on the program. The organ voluntaries and accompaniments were rendered with great skill and in excellent taste. The solos by Miss Adams were beautiful and were impressively sung. Each of the vocalists was in the best possible mood, and entered into the spirit of the grand selections given from the works of the great masters of sacred harmony. The congregational singing was remarkably fine, and every soul seemed to pour itself out in song with "the General Assembly and church of the first-born, whose names are written in Heaven," as they joined in the familiar hymn,

"Blest be the tie that binds"

Every heart responded "Amen," when the Pastor dismissed the great congregation with the hallowed benediction:

"Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting Covenant, make you perfect in every good work, to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory forever. AMEN."



## Appendix A.

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### THE ALBERT PLUMER MEMORIAL CLOCK.

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The clock which had been in the tower since 1785, having by reason of long use become unfit for further service, it was replaced in 1895 by the memorial gift of the Plumer family; the following detailed account of which has been prepared by Mr. John T. Brown, the chairman of the General Committee.

The subject of a new clock was brought to the notice of the brother and sisters of Mr. Albert Plumer who deceased October 14, 1894.

They at once came forward, and expressed their wish to place a new clock in the tower, as a tribute of their affectionate regard for the memory of their brother.

The Parish Committee issued a call for a meeting of the Society which was held December 21st, 1894. At this meeting Mr. John T. Brown made some introductory remarks, following them by reading the accompanying letter.

## ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

NEWBURYPORT, Dec. 21, 1894.

*To the Parish of the First Presbyterian Society:*

Representing a family which has long been identified with the membership of this society, it is my privilege in behalf of the brother and three sisters, to express to you their desire to manifest their affection for a brother recently deceased, by placing in charge of this society such testimonial as has to them seemed fitting and will also be a public benefit.

Accordingly they have decided to have placed in the tower of the meeting house of this society a large, first-class tower clock. Upon the acceptance of the gift, arrangements will be perfected to place the same in position immediately, and have it commence its work of pealing out the half hours at noon, Jan. 1st, 1895.

Accompanying the gift will be a policy of insurance for six hundred dollars on the clock, payment of which has been provided for by the thoughtful hearts of the donors.

The only condition connected with the gift is that the society shall always keep it insured for a sum equal to its present value, and if damaged or destroyed from any cause the proceeds of such insurance shall be used to procure a new clock of similar value, to replace the one so damaged or destroyed.

The inscription on the movement shall always be retained as it is when the clock is placed in position after its acceptance by the Society.

In behalf of the donors Daniel T. Plumer, Misses Jane, Maria and Mehitabel T. Plumer, who wish in this manner to express regard for the memory of their brother, the late Albert Plumer, and as their friend, I have the honor to unite with them in asking acceptance of the proposed gift, and continue the well wisher of the First Presbyterian Society of Newburyport.

J. T. BROWN.

## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

On motion of Mr. John W. Winder, it was at once voted to accept this generous gift, and Messrs. J. W. Winder, Joseph H. Noyes and Charles M. Pritchard were chosen a committee to prepare suitable resolutions. After a brief conference this committee made the following report, which was unanimously adopted.

### FIRST PRESBYTERIAN SOCIETY IN NEWBURYPORT.

IN PARISH MEETING DEC. 21, 1894.

Having been advised of the desire of Dr. Daniel T. Plumer, and Misses Jane, Maria and Mehitabel T. Plumer to donate to this society in memory of their brother, the late Albert Plumer, long identified with us, a first-class tower clock, we desire to express to them our deep appreciation of the sincere interest which prompted the gift, and of the kind sentiment with which it is tendered to this people.

Voted that this parish accept with pride and gratitude this token of love, and promises to care for it in compliance with the conditions of the generous donors.

Voted that the thanks of this society be extended to them.

That a copy of the letter of gift and of this vote be entered on the Parish records and that a copy of this vote be sent to each of the donors.

On motion of Mr. H. P. Macintosh it was voted that the letter of gift and the above report be published in the daily press.

On motion of C. M. Pritchard it was voted that Messrs. J. T. Brown and C. T. Smith act as a committee to attend to the placing of the clock in position in the church tower.

## ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

In accordance with the wish of the donors and the vote of the parish Messrs. Brown and Smith procured a first-class tower clock with hour and half hour striking attachments, which was put in position in the tower of the meeting house. The following account of the starting of the clock is taken from the Newburyport Herald of January 1st and 2d, 1895.

The new clock in the Old South meeting-house, given by the Misses Plumer and their brother of Newbury, as a memorial tribute to their brother, the late Albert Plumer, has been placed in position, and will be started at 12 o'clock this New Year's day.

As a tribute of respect to the memory of him whom the gift is especially intended to commemorate, the parish committee of the First Presbyterian Society have directed that the bell be tolled, commencing about 11 o'clock, 81 strokes, Mr. Plumer's age.

After the clock has struck the hour of noon, the committee have also arranged to have the bell rung for 15 minutes, expressive of their joy and gratitude to the givers of the clock.

IT SOUNDS OUT FOR THE FIRST TIME AT NOON,  
NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Under the most pleasant circumstances was the working of the new tower clock at the Old South inaugurated with the noon of the New Year. After the bell had tolled its tribute to Mr. Albert Plumer, Dr. Daniel T. Plumer and his daughters, Misses Laura J. and Maria S., brother and nieces of the donors, ascended into the belfry where the clock has been placed. At 11.55 the doctor started the pendulum and at 12 o'clock the bell pealed forth the hour of noon. There were many persons present around the meeting house to hear and see the inauguration into

## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

service, among them Rev. Dr. Hovey, Rev. John W. Dodge and daughter, Collector Macintosh, Capt. Oliver O. Jones, several members of the session of the church, and others, including many ladies.

Thus is added another tribute to those who have been called from this sacred, historical meeting-house: the monumental marble of the early pastor, and Whitefield, the great preacher. The curfew speaks of a beloved wife, and now "the Plumer clock" will twice every hour proclaim the affection of a brother and sisters for a brother.

### B.

Sundry bequests have been made by benevolent persons, and are gratefully mentioned. The largest of these is the Emery Fund, left by Miss Sarah M. Emery for the support of a city missionary of the orthodox faith; it is managed by five trustees who make an annual report to the parish.

Legacies have been received from Mrs. Eliza A. Hart, widow of David Hart, and Mrs. Elizabeth A. Boardman, widow of Hon. Isaac H. Boardman, for the support of public worship. Mrs. Ellen T. Brown, wife of John T. Brown, Esq., left a fund to help defray parsonage expenses. Miss Phoebe Harrod, who died at the age of 101 years, left a fund to be managed by the session for church purposes.

Such loving thoughtfulness is to be commended, that thus seeks to sustain and perpetuate a venerable and historic organization; and the example set is worthy of imitation by those stewards of the Lord into whose hands he has entrusted wealth.







WHITEFIELD CENOTAPH IN THE OLD SOUTH.



# HISTORICAL AFTERMATH,

BY REV. HORACE C. HOVEY, D. D.,

PASTOR OF THE CHURCH.

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Fertile meadows, thoroughly mown, often reward the thrifty farmer by an “aftermath,” or second mowing, that is well worth garnering. Thus it is with our anniversary of the First Presbyterian Church. Musty records, torn old pamphlets, faded manuscripts and worn clippings from newspapers have come forth from their hiding-places, besides those already examined; and aged men and women have related their merry, or grave, reminiscences. The accumulation seems to our Committee on Publication worthy of preservation as a supplement to this volume. Yielding to their request, the pastor has done the work of a compiler, with the valuable aid of the members of the committee, as well as that of

## HISTORICAL AFTERMATH

the officers of the Church and the Parish. The topics are introduced with no special regard to their logical or chronological order.

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## ACTS OF INCORPORATION.

The land on which the meeting-house stands was originally sold by Deacon Parker Noyes to Joshua Beck, for whom Beck street is named. He in turn conveyed it to "a committee of the proprietors of the meeting-house that is to be built." Originally the business of the congregation was done by these "proprietors." The first general meeting of the society was called for August 2d, 1765. The records show that the parish was incorporated under a general act of the Legislature in 1794. When building improvements were made in 1829, one condition was that "the Proprietors should sell all of their right and title to the Society." Afterward the pews were sold again at auction, Capt. Charles W. Storey bidding the highest premium and choosing pew number 12, which was occupied by himself and his family for sixty years. The individual ownership of many of the pews continues to this day; and an annual meeting must be held of the proprietors, as well as of the parish, in order to the legal transaction of business,

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

although the officers of the one body are the officers of the other body also. Committees were appointed to examine the laws of the State relating to our affairs in 1752, 1770, 1794, 1817, 1833 and 1834.

In order to get exact information, the chairman of our Committee on Publication recently wrote to the Secretary of State, and obtained the following reply:

*Commonwealth of Massachusetts.*

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY. }  
OCTOBER 21, 1896. }

*Mr. John W. Winder.*

DEAR SIR:—The First Presbyterian Society of Newburyport was not incorporated by a separate Act, nor was it incorporated under the above name. Chapter 44, of 1793, entitled "An Act for incorporating the several religious societies in Newburyport, in the County of Essex," approved February 22, 1794, incorporated "the Presbyterian Society in Newburyport," with several other societies, under one general Act. The full text of the Act can be found in the published volumes of Laws and Resolves of Massachusetts.

Yours respectfully,

WILLIAM M. OLIN,  
Secretary of State.

The experiences of the fathers convinced them that, although there had always been a good degree of harmony between the church and the parish, the former, as well as the latter, ought to be made a corporate body. Hence we give the following extract from our church records:

## HISTORICAL AFTERMATH

“May 1, 1815. “The Church met in the chapel and voted to accept the report of their committee who were chosen in December, 1813,” viz. Benjamin Wyatt, James Kimball and Joseph Moody, “which committee recommended that the Church become an incorporated body, that they may legally hold or dispose of real estate.” “Voted to appoint a committee of three for this purpose. Voted that Rev. Daniel Dana, James Kimball and Benjamin Wyatt be this committee.”

“August 26, 1815. Voted, to accept the report of the committee appointed May 1, 1815, to apply to the Legislature for an act of incorporation; a copy of which Act the committee had obtained, and presented to the Session for their acceptance. Also voted to accept the Act of Incorporation, in the name of the pastor, deacons and elders of the First Presbyterian Church in Newburyport.”

### A COPY OF THE ACT OF INCORPORATION.

#### *Commonwealth of Massachusetts.*

In the year of our Lord, One Thousand, Eight Hundred and Fifteen. An Act to incorporate the pastor, deacons and elders of the First Presbyterian Church in Newburyport.

SEC. I. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, That the pastor, deacons and elders of the First Presbyterian Church in Newburyport, and their successors in office, be, and they hereby are, incorporated, and made a body politic and corporate, by the name of the pastor, deacons and elders of the First Presbyterian Church in Newburyport.

SEC. II. Be it further enacted, that said pastor, deacons and elders may have and use a common seal, and the same may break, alter and renew at pleasure, shall be capable of suing, or being sued, in any action, real, personal and mixed, in any court proper to

## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

try the same; shall and may take and hold in fee simple, or otherwise, by gift, grant, or devise, any estate, real or personal, the aggregate annual income of which shall not exceed two thousand dollars, and may sell and dispose thereof at pleasure.

In the House of Representatives, June 14, 1815. The bill, having had three several readings, passed to be enacted.

TIMOTHY BIGLOW, Speaker.

In Senate, June 14, 1815. This bill having had two several readings, passed to be enacted.

JOHN PHILLIPS, President.

June 14, 1815.

Approved,

CALEB STRONG.

Secretary's office, August 3, 1815. A true copy,

Attest, ALDEN BRADFORD,

Secretary of Commonwealth.

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## OFFICIAL RECORD.

From the organization of the Church to the present time there have been fourteen ministers, thirteen of whom were installed pastors; nineteen founders; one hundred ruling elders; ten deacons; eleven church clerks; eight church treasurers; sixty-four committee-men; eighteen parish clerks; seventeen parish treasurers and twenty-nine parish collectors.

## MINISTERS.

Joseph Adams (stated preacher)	. 1742-1745
Jonathan Parsons, pastor	. 1746-1776

## HISTORICAL AFTERMATH

John Murray, pastor	. . .	1781-1793
Daniel Dana, pastor	. . .	1794-1820
Samuel P. Williams, pastor	. . .	1821-1826
John Proudfit, pastor	. . .	1827-1833
Jonathan F. Stearns, pastor	. . .	1835-1849
Ashbel G. Vermilye, pastor	. . .	1850-1863
Richard H. Richardson, pastor	. . .	1864-1868
Charles S. Durfee, pastor	. . .	1869-1872
William W. Newell, Jr., pastor	. . .	1874-1880
Charles C. Wallace, pastor	. . .	1881-1888
Brevard D. Sinclair, pastor	. . .	1889-1892
Horace C. Hovey, pastor	. . .	1893-

### ELDERS.

Thomas Pike,	William Moulton,
Benjamin Knight,	Jonathan Knight,
Moses Bradstreet,	William Allen,
Jonathan Plumer,	Nehemiah Haskell,
John Brown,	Henry Titcomb,
Enoch Sawyer,	Joseph Chase,
Samuel Toppan,	Benjamin Moody,
Richard Toppan,	Benjamin Lunt,
Philip Coombs,	Jeremiah Pearson,
Ralph Cross,	Daniel Wells,
Enoch Titcomb, Jr.	Henry Sleeper,
John Morss,	Moses Atkinson,
Stephen Sewall,	Joseph Huse,
Ebenezer Little,	Caleb Haskell,
Daniel Noyes,	Jonathan Greenleaf,
Timothy Morss,	James Jewett,
Nathan Pierce,	Nathaniel Tenney,
John Berry,	Jacob Knight,
Isaac Johnson,	Edward Harris,
Benjamin Greenleaf,	Daniel Plumer,
Josiah Titcomb,	Abraham Noyes,

## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

### ELDERS.

Jonathan Parsons,  
Joshua Pilsbury,  
Edmund Davis,  
Solomon Pearson,  
Matthew Perkins,  
Jacob Boardman,  
Samuel Noyes,  
John O'Brien,  
Jonathan Morss,  
William Coombs,  
Silas Parker,  
Jonathan Call,  
Jonathan Beck,  
Benjamin Wyatt,  
James Kimball,  
Paul Titcomb,  
Thomas M. Clark,  
Joshua Hills,  
Abraham Wheelwright,  
John Wills, Jr.,  
Joseph Currier,  
Joseph Knapp,  
Edward Woodbury,  
Ezra Lunt,  
Paul Simpson,  
Daniel Bartlett,  
Joseph Morss,  
Enoch Cross,  
Joseph Moody,

George Donnell,  
James Caldwell,  
Nathan Crosby,  
Whittingham Gilman,  
Moses Pettingell,  
Samuel Todd,  
Rufus Smith,  
Nathan Plumer,  
William Pritchard,  
Ebenezer Rolfe,  
Edward W. Lunt,  
George W. Campbell,  
Joseph B. Creasey,  
George L. Rogers,  
James M. Woods,  
Jesse Hattle,  
John D. Parsons,  
Edmund Jaques,  
John T. Brown,  
Dudley D. Tilton,  
Ebenezer Smith,  
William Todd,  
Robert E. Robertson,  
William Binley,  
Charles M. Pritchard,  
Oliver O. Jones,  
Alvah W. Leavitt,  
John M. Bailey,  
George H. Jaques.

### DEACONS.

Joseph Morss,  
Enoch Cross,  
Ezra Lunt,  
Thomas M. Clark,  
James Caldwell,

William Pritchard,  
Ebenezer Rolfe,  
James M. Woods,  
Edmund Jaques,  
John D. Parsons.

## HISTORICAL AFTERMATH

### CHURCH CLERKS.

John Brown,	James Caldwell,
Edward Harris,	George W. Campbell,
Joseph Huse,	Edward W. Lunt,
Stephen Sewall,	Edmund Jaques,
Joseph Moody,	William Binley.
Whittingham Gilman,	

### CHURCH TREASURERS.

(From 1785 to 1896.)

Enoch Titcomb,	William Pritchard,
Edmund Sawyer,	Joseph B. Creasey,
Joseph Moody,	Ebenezer Rolfe,
James Caldwell,	Alvah W. Leavitt.

The following persons have served as officers of the proprietors and the parish, mentioning only the committee-men, the clerks, the treasurers and the collectors:

### COMMITTEE-MEN.

Henry Titcomb,	Joshua Coffin,
James Jewett,	Enoch Titcomb,
Jeremiah Pearson,	David Hemphill,
Stephen Cross,	Robert Bayley,
Nathan Pierce,	Joseph Noyes,
Edward Harris,	Silas Noyes,
James Horton,	Robert Long,
Abel Greenleaf,	John O'Brien,
Abraham Noyes,	Abner Greenleaf,
Richard Toppan,	Samuel Bayley,
Joseph Huse,	Moses Hoyt,



## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

### COMMITTEE-MEN.

Joseph Stanwood,  
Jonathan Stickney,  
Benjamin Wyatt,  
Jonathan Call,  
William Boardman,  
Paul Titcomb,  
Moses Kent,  
John Harrod,  
Daniel Swett,  
Ebenezer Steadman,  
Stephen Tilton,  
Whittingham Gilman,  
James Caldwell,  
John Moody,  
Moses Pettingell,  
George Greenleaf,  
John N. Cushing,  
Paul Simpson,  
Roger S. Howard,  
William Graves,  
Ezra Lunt,

Isaac H. Boardman,  
Rufus Smith,  
Benjamin Harrod,  
Henry Cook,  
George L. Rogers,  
D. J. Adams,  
Paul G. Lunt,  
Benjamin P. Dow,  
P. H. Blumpey,  
Eben P. Goodwin,  
Thomas C. Simpson,  
James M. Woods,  
John W. Winder,  
John D. Parsons,  
John T. Brown,  
Ebenezer Smith,  
William Todd,  
John A. Greely,  
Oliver O. Jones,  
Charles T. Smith,  
David Foss.

### PARISH CLERKS.

Jacob Boardman,  
Robert Long,  
David Coffin,  
Samuel Tenney,  
William Currier,  
Moses Kimball,  
William Work,  
Nathaniel Coffin,  
Stephen Tilton,

John Moody,  
William Pritchard,  
John Coombs,  
Joseph Tappan,  
George W. Campbell,  
Aaron B. Adams,  
William Todd,  
William H. Bayley,  
Alvah W. Leavitt,

## HISTORICAL AFTERMATH

### PARISH TREASURERS.

Jonathan Greenleaf,  
Joseph Moulton,  
Enoch Toppan,  
Robert Long,  
Enoch Titcomb,  
Richard Pike,  
Joseph Moody,  
Aaron Pardee,  
Paul Simpson,

William Pritchard,  
Joseph Morse,  
James M. Currier,  
George W. Haskell,  
Edward W. Lunt,  
Aaron B. Adams,  
Thomas C. Simpson,  
Prentiss H. Reed.

### COLLECTORS.

Berkley Emerson,  
Cabot Toppan,  
William Ingalls,  
Samuel Noyes,  
Moses Rogers,  
Amos Knight,  
Nicholas Pettingell,  
Jonathan Morss,  
Josiah Plumer,  
Joshua Coffin,  
Abraham Adams,  
John Knapp,  
Nehemiah Haskell,  
Moody Davis,  
William P. Lunt,

Joseph Noyes,  
Timothy Palmer,  
William Boardman,  
Jonathan Beck,  
John Moody,  
Paul Simpson,  
William Pritchard,  
Joseph Morse,  
James M. Currier,  
George W. Haskell,  
George L. Rogers,  
Charles C. Donnell,  
Samuel Brookings, Jr.,  
Charles M. Pritchard.

### THE FOUNDERS.

Charles Pierce,  
Benjamin Pierce,  
Jonathan Plumer,  
Moses Bradstreet,  
Daniel Noyes,  
Daniel Goodwin,

Edward Priesby,  
Major Goodwin,  
Sylvanus Plumer,  
Nathaniel Atkinson,  
John Brown,  
Thomas Pike,

## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

### THE FOUNDERS.

Samuel Hale,  
Richard Hale,  
Daniel Wells,  
Cutting Pettingell,

Benjamin Knight,  
Joseph Hidden,  
William Brown.

Early accessions were received to the number pledging their support to the Rev. Jonathan Parsons, so that the list of subscribers to his call from Lyme, to take the pastoral charge of this church, included one hundred and two names.

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### ITEMS FROM OLD ACCOUNTS.

The books kept by our first church treasurer, Enoch Titcomb, from 1785 to 1795, were marked by his name, and remained in his family for a century, having just come into our possession through the gift of his descendant Mr. Alfred W. Lord. They contain an account of contributions and beneficiaries, the latter being classified as old men, married women, widows, old maids and negroes. Special gifts were also made, as for missions among the Indians, for sufferers from the great fire in Boston, or for some "burser in Dartmouth Collidge." After one of Parson Murray's charity sermons the offering included 1 Johannes, 2 pistoles, 1 moidore, 4 crowns, 13 dollars,

60 dollars in small change, besides coppers and half coppers. "Alexander the coppersmith did much harm" in those days, as appears from the record of 226 half-pence being taken. Guineas, pistareens, etc., are mentioned, and now and then some one would be credited with a gold ring, or other trinket. "Other silver," meaning what was worn or clipped, would be given by weight in ounces, pennyweights and grains. But all values of every kind are faithfully reduced to pounds; shillings and pence. Two palls, to be used on funeral occasions, were purchased at a total cost of 18 pounds, the cost of the child's pall being met by the fees charged for that used for adults, the regular fee for using it a single time being seventy-five cents. They were made by Ruth and Hannah Bradbury. The materials specified were: silk velvet, cotton velvet, black taffety, tammy, ribbons, silk, tassels and corks, silk knee garters, and a bag in which to keep the palls when not in use.

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It is stated that "Ralph Cross furnished the sacramental utensils from his private dwelling till the society was able to procure them elsewhere by purchase." The inscription on the oldest flagon states that it was presented to the church in 1799, by Mr. Samuel Tufts, and was "there to remain forever."

## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

The only recorded inventory of the church plate is by Mr. Joseph Moody when he was the treasurer: "Purchased, in July 1818, 2 flagons, 2 tankards, 8 cups and two plates. Purchased, in June 1832, 1 flagon, 2 plates and 4 cups." The baptismal basin was given by Mrs. Wheelwright. The cost of plate purchased was \$556, and the estimated value of the entire service, by purchase and gift, is \$800.

## ECCLESIASTICAL RELATIONS.

We learn that ours was one of the twelve churches that, in 1775, made up the old Presbytery of Boston; which was then amicably divided into three presbyteries, namely, those of Londonderry, Salem, (also known as the Eastern), and Palmer, (also called the Western); and these three were again combined into what was styled "the Synod of New England," that held its first meeting at Londonderry, N. H., September 4, 1776. The "Eastern" should not be confounded with the "Eastward" Presbytery, with which on Mr. Murray's account, Mr. Parsons and this church were afterward connected, and which never joined the Synod of New England. During the great schism between Old and New School, the Presbytery of Newburyport, assembled in our chapel,

November 14, 1838, passed resolutions declaring its perplexity as to the controversy, and said: "Being unable to act with satisfaction, and with a clear conscience, we solemnly assert the right of not acting at all." Apprehending that censure might follow this bold step, the body stood ready "solemnly to appeal to that higher tribunal at which all erroneous judgments of the Church itself will be reviewed and reversed." The commissioner sided with the New School Assembly. The Presbytery, after standing alone for several years, until indeed, according to Dr. Stearns, our church was "the only one in this state connected with any presbytery," was re-united, in 1847, with the Old School Presbytery of Londonderry.

In October, 1814, our church defrayed the entire expenses of the Synod of Albany, when it met in Newburyport.

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#### SCHEME FOR TWO MEETING-HOUSES.

In a letter written by Rev. Jonathan Parsons to Rev. James Sproat, October 26, 1767, the former mentions with approval a plan for building a second meeting-house, equal to the one on Federal street, to be located in old Newbury, to be supported by taxation of pews, polls and estates, on condition that

## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Messrs. Parsons and Sproat "be esteemed as ministers equally belonging to both houses," and that "the whole body be one particular church, governed as Mr. Parsons' has been heretofore," "the elders being chosen by the whole body." This new meeting-house was erected and boarded in, opposite the Congregational meeting-house as it then stood in Newbury, but it was blown down in a violent storm, February, 1771. The journal kept by Mr. Parsons shows that the ecclesiastical matters of the two towns were seriously discordant at about the time of the above plan, which was thus frustrated by Providence.

## THE OLD SOUTH CRYPT.

The original tomb in which the bodies of Whitefield, Parsons and Prince were buried, was built in 1770, and was located in front of the pulpit, as it then stood on the North-east side of the house, and the entrance was by a trap-door in the broad aisle. When the meeting-house was remodeled in 1829, the remains were removed to their present resting place. Messrs. Isaac Johnson and John Moody were appointed to see to their safe removal. Mr. Moody made new mahogany coffins for them; and Mr. Johnson lettered the names on the inside of the lids.

one of which, Whitefield's, is plainly legible at the present time. In 1866, in excavating under the building for placing furnaces, the workmen unearthed the old tomb and found it considerably larger than the present crypt. Our authority for these facts is Mr. William H. Johnson, who had them from his father, Mr. Isaac Johnson.

The crypt, as it stands today, is a brick structure, seven feet square, reached by a flight of steps, and lighted by gas. On the right, as we enter, are the remains of Rev. Jonathan Parsons; on the left those of Rev. Joseph Prince; while across their feet lies Whitefield's coffin. The three coffins lie with the lids open but protected by glass, exposing the head and chest of each occupant to view. Whitefield's skull was taken to Boston some years ago to have casts made from it, one of which is to be seen in the crypt; but the skull was safely brought back and restored to its place in the coffin.

The arm of the evangelist was stolen long ago and taken to England, where it was seen, in 1836, by Mr. Robert Philip, who promised to conceal the culprit's name, if he would return the spoil. This he did, but without an explanation at the time. The name of the purloiner is said to have been Bolton. Rev. Dr. Stearns, to whom the mysterious box



containing the missing relic was returned, regarded it with apprehension, lest it might be an "infernal machine." After some months a letter came stating the facts, and asking if the bone had been received. Under the date of September 26, 1849, Dr. Stearns wrote as follows:—"The trust committed to me I am happy to say has been discharged. The venerable relic was conveyed to the vault where its kindred remains lie; and in the presence of the Session of the Church, and of the Parish Committee, I descended to the tomb, and restored it to its place yesterday. 'Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.' "

It is further related that a Mr. Brown of Epping Forest, England, visited the old tomb in 1784, in order to test the truth of a rumor that the body of the evangelist remained "entire and uncorrupted." He certified that this was true; that he felt of the flesh himself, and found the body as perfect as when the interment had taken place fourteen years before. Another examination was made, in 1801, by Mr. Mason, of Newburyport, who reported that he found the flesh totally consumed, though the gown, cassock and bands were the same as if just put in the coffin. The suggestion has repeatedly been made that the crypt should be sealed up; but the opposi-

tion to this has always been too strong to be overcome. Hence it remains accessible to the public. The registry of visitors shows the names of more than 6000 persons who have visited the sacred place during the past twenty-eight years. The volume contains the autographs of some of the most distinguished persons in our own country, as well as from foreign lands. Every state of the Union has been represented; and all the British Provinces. There have also been visitors from England, Scotland, Ireland, and various parts of Europe; from Turkey, China, Japan, India, Africa, Bermuda, Hawaii, and other regions. On several occasions large religious assemblies have visited it in a body. Even while these pages are in press, the crypt and other objects of interest in and about the Old South Church are visited by the Massachusetts Sons of the American Revolution. The time seems to have hardly yet come for sealing up such a place of precious relics.

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TOWER, CLOCK, BELL AND VANE.

The memorial clock recently given by the Plumer family is fully described on preceding pages. Its predecessor was put up in 1785; but who bought or gave it is not known. The old dials were hexagonal,

## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

and they had but one hand, an arrow, extending across the dial to mark the hours; the minutes might take care of themselves. When the clock struck one p. m., and also at 9 p. m., the bell was rung for ten minutes—a custom for sometime discontinued, but now resumed, so far as the nine o'clock "curfew" is concerned. The original bell was bought previous to 1785, at which date a vote is recorded "to raise the bell to the top of the steeple." The peculiar phrase suggests the idea that at first it may have been tested on a triangle: as was actually done when one of our pew-holders, Lord Timothy Dexter, bought two bells, importing them from London, then setting them up for a time on the Brown Square that people might try them: the best being kept for the Second Presbyterian church, and the other sent to a church at Malden. However that may be, our present bell was bought by Mr. Benjamin Wyatt, as a committee with power to act, in 1803, and was cast by the famous Paul Revere. For ninety-three years it has pealed forth its rich, mellow tones for the hours of the day and night, been rung for Sabbath services, on election days, and occasionally on an anniversary of a birthday, notably that of Miss Phoebe Harrod, in whose honor it was rung a hundred minutes. It has tolled for funerals, aided in

sounding fire-alarms, and made the air tremble with "joy-bells" on holidays, and other occasions of rejoicing.

When the meeting-house had stood nearly a century it was taken for granted, in 1848, that the timbers of the tower must needs be decayed, and that a new structure ought to be built. But those who undertook the job found the timbers as sound as ever. One of the carpenters timed his sawing a timber off and found it took half an hour. Yet the decree had gone forth and the tall old spire must come down. It was more easily said than done. Mr. Elias Pike was entrusted with the task. The spire itself was one solid piece of white oak, broad at the bottom, and tapering to the top, where for so many generations the gilded weathercock had veered with each changing wind, and had served as a landmark for the sailors. Horses and oxen were used to pull over the spire, by the aid of pulleys and a snatch block, after the saw had been freely used. Slanting cuts had to be made in order to gain a purchase. Just as this was done, the horses were frightened in some manner and started suddenly, so that the spire fell point downward into Federal street. But while yet in mid-air, the gilded rooster slipped from his lofty perch, and like a thing of life, flew to Spring

street, where he alighted, somewhat battered, though not beyond easy repairing. The bird was first put on the spire in 1759, and must have been startled at the unexpected change in his situation. On being weighed he was found to tip the scales at fifty-three pounds, being made, not of wood, but of pure copper gilded. Captain Nathan Plumer, with the aid of Mr. Philip Lord, put on the shingles of the new spire, in 1848, and together they hoisted the weathercock to his place again. After adjusting him on the upright iron rod whereon he was to revolve, Captain Plumer, before coming down, slapped him on the side, shouting, "Good by, old bird!" This venerable fowl has afforded so much amusement to people who know no better, that it is well to remind them that, from the earliest period, the cock has been a Christian emblem, a special symbol of the resurrection, the herald of the millennial dawn, and the emblem of eternal vigilance.

Among those who watched the building of the new spire was a lad in a corner grocery, who offered various suggestions to Mr. Rufus Sargent, the architect, that were of course, promptly discarded. His name was Thomas W. Silloway; and he informs the writer that he at that time received the first impulses that led him afterward to devote himself

for life to the profession of architecture in Boston, where his fame is well established. He also informs me that the pulpit, then new, but now sixty-seven years old, is made of pine, and it was intended to have Mr. Johnson, who did the rest of the painting, paint it white. But some one reported a new process of graining to make the pine look like oak. Accordingly a Boston painter named Whitaker, came on to effect the marvellous transformation. His condition was that he and his helper should have complete control of the room till his work was done. For some years the parish took pride in it as a work of art; but better taste prevailed in 1856, and the pulpit was painted, as was first intended, a pure white. At that time an Italian, named Philip Guelpa, did the refrescoing of the walls and ceiling so generally and deservedly admired, especially the marvellous hangings back of the pulpit.

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Church music has been mentioned on pages 52-54; but a few words may here be added. In 1781 Elder Pearson was instructed to "sit in the Elder's seat and set the music. In 1795 the parish voted "to sing without the Deacons' reading the psalms and hymns line by line." That same year they voted forty pounds for a singing-school, and made another









appropriation for the same object in 1807. At about the same time they voted to remove the old sounding-board from above the pulpit; and likewise appointed a special committee to see that "pew-owners should nail list on the seats to prevent the noise made by their falling in prayer time." In 1813 the parish voted "to adopt the regulation dress for attending funerals," although no description of said dress is given in the records.

The accompanying interior view shows the modern organ, to the right and left of which are the so-called "negro pews," relics of colonial customs; a portion of the famous whispering gallery; the frescoed ceiling; and the alcoves, between the doors, where the stoves used to stand whence the foot-stoves were supplied with live coals.

From the materials furnished by the singing schools the "singing men and singing women" were formed into a choir, that was led by an orchestra consisting of a violin, a base-viol, a clarinet and a bassoon. Among some manuscripts kindly given to us by Mr. Alfred W. Lord, and that had been out of our possession for a century, (mostly pertaining to the separation between the

First and Second churches), we found the remonstrance of Elder Jeremiah Pearson against the use of anthems and fugue-tunes in the house of God. But all such protests were in vain. The parish not only kept its choir, but bought an organ, in 1828, at a cost of \$800. This was used for ten years, and then exchanged for another costing \$1400, bought from Mr. William Balch, \$500 being allowed for the old instrument. This second organ was sold at half-price in 1866, when the superior one now in use was bought for \$3800 from Hook and Hastings of Boston.

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The Pastoral Library, mentioned on page 5, was founded in 1849, by a vote of the parish, at the suggestion of Deacon Moses Pettingell, who also made a liberal donation to its contents. A vote was also recorded in 1869, by the church with the concurrence of the parish, that an annual collection should be taken to replenish this valuable library; the outlay of the fund being in the hands of a committee annually appointed, and of which the pastor is the chairman. The beneficial result is that a collection of books, papers and manuscripts is being made, by purchase and by gift, that will increase in value as time passes by, and will save for coming generations historical, and other, material that else would perish.

## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

### EARLY LEGENDS AND CUSTOMS.

Several of the quaint legends that have come down as to the early ministers have already been related. They appear to have had a generous support for the times. At the outset the society, amid its poverty and persecution, voted to Mr. Parsons a salary varying from 100 to 133 pounds annually, besides "the loose contributions." They also gave him the house and grounds he occupied on School street. His widow was well cared for after his death, getting one year the sum of 100 pounds, and considerable sums at other times. These were in good English money, as it was before the Revolutionary War. No reference is made in the records to "continental money," but its use explains the statement that, in 1780, Mr. Murray's salary was 9,000 pounds and house rent; and that same year the appropriation for parish expenses was 20,000 pounds, or the equivalent of \$100,000. The year following, Mr. Murray's salary was but 150 pounds, with 100 pounds additional as a gift, together with 1,000 pounds to build a parsonage. The total amount for this latter object was 1,805 pounds. After Mr. Murray's death very generous appropriations were made for the support of his family. He was buried on the summit of what is now known as the Old Burying Hill, in a tomb of brick

surmounted by granite blocks, on which rests a white marble slab suitably inscribed; the tomb was constructed at the expense of the society, and is at this time in perfect condition.

Parson Murray was great and eloquent, but not quite perfect. He knew this better than any one else. But it was a pity that some of his clerical brethren could never forget his faults in consideration of his many virtues. For various reasons Dr. Spring would not shake hands with him. At a certain funeral where they both officiated, the former left the room when the latter prayed. Hence the boys used to sing this odd refrain:

“Parson Spring began to fling,  
And seemed to be in a hurry;  
He could not stay to hear him pray,  
Because ’twas Parson Murray.”

But our parson had his retaliation. Dr. Spring published a theological work, whose doctrines were open to objections, and Mr. Murray wrote on the fly-leaf of a copy that went the rounds, a significant stanza quoted from Watts, Book I, hymn 57.

“What mortal power from things unclean  
Can pure productions bring?  
Who can command a vital stream  
From an infected Spring?”

## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Formerly the invariable custom was to require those guilty of scandalous offences to make public confession which was duly recorded in the church-book. But, March 31, 1821, it was voted, "That, whenever the Session are satisfied of the sincere penitence of the offender, no public confession of any particular sin shall be required—inasmuch as the usages of the church cannot make that right, or expedient, for which there is no warrant in the Word of God." In the following year the rule requiring candidates for membership to give written experiences was also dispensed with.

## THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

After the Newburyport Sabbath School and Tract Society was disbanded, in 1835, (see page 46), our school was, for a while, sustained by voluntary effort, and there is no record of officers. Historically the school dates back to its original formation in our Beck street chapel, in 1814, eighty-two years ago. It is a matter of regret that no complete list has been kept of those earlier years. But it is known that, among the men, were: Capt. Abraham Wheelwright, Thomas M. Clarke, John Rogers, Edward Woodbury, Paul Simpson, Isaac Wheelwright, George Donnell and James Caldwell. Among the women were: Phoebe Harrod, Mary C. Greenleaf, Mary Haskell,

Lydia Titcomb, Mary Ann Pillsbury, Elizabeth Beck, and Almira Boardman.

In July, 1838, the church assumed the care, supervision and support of the school, and appointed its teachers and officers; which continues to be the custom, with modifications. Vacancies *ad interim* are filled by the officers and teachers.

Among those who served either as superintendents, or as acting superintendents, may be mentioned: Captain William Pritchard, who was elected in 1838 and served for twenty-five years, James Caldwell, Roger S. Howard, Charles Morss, Ebenezer Rolfe, Moses H. Sargent, (afterward for many years treasurer of the Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society), William Todd, James A. Horton, John D. Parsons, Edward D. Pritchard, Joseph B. Creasey, Edmund Jaques, (who has also served long and faithfully as librarian), George W. Haskell, Dudley D. Tilton, Dr. Frank A. Hale, Joseph H. Noyes, Walter Gerrish, Charles M. Pritchard, William Taylor, George H. Jaques, William E. Chase, and John M. Bailey.

The Home Department is superintended by Mrs. Helen L. Hovey, and the Primary Department by Miss Ada M. Greenleaf. The present secretary of the school is Miss Alice G. Jones. Miss Mary P. Lunt

## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

has, for several years, served as pianist for the school.

The former system of having tything-men being discontinued, it became necessary to have some person authorized to maintain order and propriety in the house of God; and accordingly, April 15, 1861, the church decided that this duty devolved on the sexton, and voted that "therefore he be instructed to be in attendance at the church on the Sabbath during public worship, and at such other times as this meeting-house is open for public worship; and that the clerk give a copy of this to the Parish committee." The records of the parish furthermore defined it to be the duty of the sexton to attend all meetings ordered by the parish committee.

The list of tything-men and sextons would include the names of some of the most useful and faithful servants of the parish, could it be made out; but it is not practicable from the records. The present sexton is Mr. Edgar J. Batchelder, 9 1-2 Atwood street.

## REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENTS.

A long chapter might be written about the part played by our fathers in the War of the Revolution; but a few facts demand special mention. It is a

matter of history that, at ten o'clock, Monday night, March 5th, 1770, the bells of Boston rang an alarm, and thousands of the inhabitants assembled, the occasion being the massacre of unarmed citizens by the British soldiery. The bells of Newburyport, our own among the number, responded by tolling the next day. Rev. Jonathan Parsons states that he "had been repeatedly urged to speak in public on a day set apart to commemorate the bloody massacre, the barbarous butchery at Boston, but had declined to do so," until, four years later he yielded, and on March 5, 1774, he preached his famous sermon on "Freedom from Civil and Ecclesiastical Slavery." It was published in pamphlet form, and was "dedicated to the Honorable John Hancock, Esq., of Boston." A few sentences will give an idea of this impassioned appeal made two years before the Declaration of Independence. After describing with indignation the massacre at Boston, he said concerning the situation of the colonies: "If one man may defend himself and his rights against an assailant, much more may a whole country defend themselves when their rights are invaded. If old friends are disposed to be terrible, if they endeavor to enslave, and bring mischief and misery upon their brethren—then it becomes us to take up arms.—If former friends are now



resolved to entangle us with a yoke of bondage, God forbid that we should suffer them to cut off our limbs and mangle our whole body to gratify their injurious demands. — If it should be so that our natural and constitutional liberties cannot be recovered and maintained without repelling force by force—it is a very loud call from God to defend ourselves.”

Five months later, at a town meeting, it was resolved “That this town will stand by the result of Congress, even if it be to the stopping of all trade;” and we know what that meant in one of the most busy marts of the colonies, as Newburyport then was.

The battle of Lexington, the next April, was the signal of war. The following Sunday, according to a well authenticated account, the voice of Parsons rang forth again for liberty. He was then seventy years old, but he seemed to drop the infirmities of age and renew the fire and courage of youth. At his appeal one of the members of this church, Captain Ezra Lunt, stepped forth into the broad aisle and a company of sixty men was formed on the spot, which is said to have been the first company of volunteers to join the continental army. In the diary kept by Lieut. Paul Lunt is the modest, but significant, entry: “May, 1775, marched from Newburyport with sixty men; Ezra Lunt, commander. June 16, our

men entrenched on a hill beyond Bunker's Hill. June 17, the Regulars landed troops and we engaged them." In keeping with this patriotic spirit was the town vote recorded, May 31, 1776, thirty-four days before the Declaration of Independence, "*Voted*, That if the honorable Congress should, for the safety of the United Colonies, declare them independent of the kingdom of Great Britain, this town will, with their lives and fortunes, support them in the measure."

Parson Murray was an ardent patriot, as has already been testified, on page 38 of this volume. The following incident will show his zeal, as well as the power of his eloquence. It is narrated in Rev. Mr. Miltimore's eulogy of Murray. Newburyport was called on for still another company of soldiers, after having already furnished many. Day after day the recruiting officers toiled in vain. Finally the regiment was invited to the Presbyterian church, where Mr. Murray addressed them in such spirited and stirring words, that once again, as formerly in a similar case in the days of Parsons, a member of this church stepped forth to take the command, and, in two hours after the benediction had been spoken, the entire company was raised. When the war was ended Mr. Murray preached a great sermon, Dec. 11, 1783, entitled, "Jerubbaal, or Tyranny's Grove Destroyed,

## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

and the Altar of Liberty Finished." This wonderful Thanksgiving sermon is out of print, but by the kindness of Mr. A. W. Lord, the only copy perhaps now in existence is deposited in the Pastoral Library of our church. The men of our parish nobly gave themselves and their means, and on almost every battlefield and in many a thrilling naval contest, they displayed their daring. The fact should never be forgotten, that during the Revolutionary war twenty-two vessels and one thousand men, from the towns of Newbury and Newburyport, were lost at sea; and, according to a local historian, the first American flag which floated in the British waters, after the cessation of hostilities, was displayed in the river Thames, from the *Compte de Grasse*, by Captain Nicholas Johnson, of Newburyport.

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## PORTRAITS OF THE PASTORS.

On the walls of the chapel hang portraits of all the former pastors, and each picture has its own history. A beginning was made, Nov. 30, 1826, of which the record is as follows: "The portrait of the late Rev. John Murray presented to this church by Samuel Swett, Esq., of Boston, and Simon Greenleaf, Esq., of Portland; it having been much defaced and

neglected, the above gentlemen, as a mark of respect paid to the memory of the Rev. Mr. Murray, once their minister in their youth, they caused it to be repaired, and generously sent it as a present to this society, wishing that it might be placed in the parsonage-house where it was formerly placed." The next year it was voted "that the portrait of Mr. Murray be placed in the room provided for the meeting of the session in the meeting-house."

In April, 1855, a committee was appointed to look up the portraits of the former pastors; consisting of Dr. Vermilye, Ezra Lunt, Moses Pettingell and James Caldwell.

In May, 1874, the parish appointed Messrs. Isaac H. Boardman, William Graves and John T. Brown, a special committee for the same purpose. A full account of their efforts was published at the time in the Newburyport Herald. The portrait of Parsons is a fine crayon copy of an original Copley painting, and was presented by Hon. Henry E. Parsons of Ashtabula, Ohio. The formal presentation to the society was made by Jacob Stone, Esq., a grandson of Mr. Parsons. It shows the first pastor in his wig, gown and bands, according to the fashion of those days. The oil portrait of Dr. Daniel Dana was painted in 1883, and is a copy of the original owned by his fam-

ily. It is the gift of his grandson, Mr. William Dana Wheelwright of New York. The likeness of Rev. S. P. Williams, also an oil portrait, was the gift of Mrs. Charlotte Cook Knapp, after it had hung for many years on the walls of his former home on the corner of Federal and Orange streets. The pictures of Pastors Proudfit, Stearns, Vermilye and Richardson, are excellent engravings; while those of Durfee, Newell, Wallace and Sinclair are half life-size photographs, being the gifts of their friends. There are two likenesses of Rev. George Whitefield, one being the gift of Sir Charles Reed, of London, England, together with a letter written by Whitefield in 1766; and the other being more recently obtained for us by Mr. John T. Brown. The oil painting of the old meeting-house was executed in Antwerp in 1857 for Captain Charles H. Plumer, a parishioner, and was purchased of him for the society by the Ladies' and Gentlemen's Association.

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The portraits of former pastors were photographed for use in this volume by Mr. and Mrs. John W. Winder. The photograph of Dr. Hovey, (page 6), was from the studio of W. C. Thompson. The frontispiece, representing the present meeting-house, is from a drawing by Miss S. M. Morse. Excellent

exterior and interior views have been taken by Hiram P. Macintosh, and by Mr. and Mrs. Winder. To the latter we are indebted for the fine illustrations on pages 99 and 196.

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HOMES OF THE PASTORS.

“ Old homesteads, sacred to all that can  
Gladden or sadden the heart of man—  
Over whose thresholds of oak or stone  
Life and Death have come and gone.”

We are indebted to the excellent memories of Mrs. Eliza A. Little, now ninety-three years of age, Miss Elizabeth Gerrish, in her ninetieth year, Mrs. Lydia C. Tucker, Mrs. Sarah L. Hutchins, Miss Alice Plumer, and others, for interesting reminiscences concerning the homes of the early pastors. It may be added that Mrs. Tucker is the daughter of Dr. Dana, Miss Gerrish has been a teacher in the Old South Sunday school for sixty-three years in succession, and Mrs. Hutchins lives opposite the old Parsons residence. These ladies are active in keeping alive the female prayer meeting that has been maintained for one hundred and fifty years. Shortly after the present pastor began his labors here, a list was made of all men and women in the congregation who had lived for seventy years or longer, and we

found fifty such persons. It is a pleasant thing to hear these devoted and elderly people talk over the social and domestic incidents of former days.

The dwellings of the ministers all remain to this day, though some of them have undergone changes. The visitor after examining the meeting house and its relics, passes along on School street, by the house where the famous liberator, William Lloyd Garrison, was born, and then by a large old-fashioned garden, now neglected and overgrown with shrubbery, but which must have once been beautiful, and then he comes to a double house, numbered 7 and 9, and occupied at present by families named Ladd and Swett. And that was, more than a century ago, the home of the Rev. Jonathan Parsons. The west corner room, in the second story, is where George Whitefield died, and it is said to remain very much as it was then. The manse was the gift of the parish to Mr. Parsons, together with the garden, and remained for some time in the possession of his family after his decease.

In 1781 the parish voted £1000 to build a parsonage for Rev. John Murray, and in 1783 they voted for the same purpose £450 more, and in 1788 still another appropriation of £335, making a total of £1805, which enabled them to erect the substantial building at 74 Federal street, now owned and occu-

pied by Mr. Frank McGrath. The work was all done by hand, and the nails were imported, and the best of material was used throughout. The hall, staircase and parlor remain unchanged, and give a good idea of the old colonial style.

The parsonage, after the Murray place was sold, was the spacious mansion known as the Captain Henry Cook house, and at present occupied by Mr. G. H. Pearson. It is 62 Federal street; and as we admire its ample grounds and other attractions, we wonder that it was not always retained as a parsonage. It was the home of Dr. Dana while he was pastor of our church, though, on his subsequent return to this city, he lived elsewhere. When Mr. Williams succeeded him, as one of the many proofs he gave of a singular degree of independence, he refused to occupy it as a parsonage, and accordingly purchased it for himself; and thus the property passed out of the hands of the parish.

When Dr. Proudfit came, he rented the residence, number 6 Orange street, long known as the Harrod house, and now occupied by Mr. William Holker; and he afterwards occupied the Dalton mansion on State street. Dr. Stearns likewise occupied rented property; first living at 10 Fruit street, the present



## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

home of Miss Mary C. Burnham, and afterwards at 9 Fruit street, where Dr. John F. Young now resides.

Dr. Vermilye lived for a while on Water street, near Ship street. But the people were weary of having their pastors live in "hired houses," and the credit mainly belongs to Miss Mary C. Greenleaf, for starting the movement to buy the handsome property at 98 High street, now owned by Mrs. Charles H. Coffin, but that was for many years the Old South parsonage, and as such was occupied successively by Drs. Vermilye and Richardson and Rev. Mr. Durfee. The first sum subscribed for it was by the Hon. Caleb Cushing, who also drew the papers so as to make the investment permanent. With the same end in view the Ladies' and Gentlemen's Association was formed, first to pay the balance for the parsonage and then to keep it in repair. After about twenty years it was deemed advisable to sell this property, and the purchase money was put in the bank, pending the result of certain necessary inquiries concerning rights and titles conducted by Mr. John W. Winder, at the request of the Association. Meanwhile the Rev. Mr. Newell lived in the commodious dwelling, 64 Lime street, belonging then, as now, to the Simpson family.

When Dr. Wallace was settled here, in 1881, the present parsonage, 60 High street, on the corner of

Lime street was bought; and it was at a later day the home also of his successors, Rev. Mr. Sinclair and Dr. Hovey. It was originally built by Mrs. Henry Titcomb, and by inheritance went to her daughter, Mrs. Valeria K. Denny, from whom it was bought for the Old South parish. When the present pastor took up his residence here, in May, 1893, the building was put in thorough repair, painted, papered and otherwise improved, thus making it a very desirable home.

The history of these various homes of the pastors would fill a volume by itself; the births, and deaths, and marriages; the social gatherings, and session meetings; the discussions of theological problems, and of church affairs, and the wrestling in prayer for wisdom in their solution; the individual calls for pastoral sympathy and counsel; the countless visitors who have crossed the threshold, friend and stranger, rich and poor, young and aged, saint and sinner—these details of the minister's home life form a large part of his history, but they can never be fully known except to Him who knows all hearts, and records faithfully all human events; and who gives to His children, in such consecrated dwellings, bright with the sunshine of His favor, and rich in the best and purest human affections, an earthly type of their Everlasting Home.

By request, the pastor gave, on Sundays following the Anniversary, specimens of the style of the early ministers. The first selected was the funeral sermon by Rev. Jonathan Parsons over the remains of Rev. George Whitefield; which was delivered by Dr. Hovey from the original manuscript, kindly loaned for the occasion by Captain Moses J. Mulliken, a descendant of Mr. Parsons. The selection from the discourses of Rev. John Murray was one introducing his famous analogy between "Ships and Souls," originally given a century ago before the Newburyport Marine Society, whose successors attended in a body; having previously decorated the pulpit with models and paintings of vessels built in Newburyport, and with other emblems and relics of the sea.

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Our last word, as a fitting close for this volume that deals with the individual, the family, the school, the parish, the church, the city, the state, the nation, and "the Kingdom of Heaven," shall be that loving motto inscribed over the central door, and which greeted the guests as they retired from the sanctuary, while the organ played the grand "March de Procession"—

**"Blest be the tie that binds."**



# INDEX.

Beside topical references, proper names are given, if connected with official or historical incidents, or if repeatedly appearing; otherwise the reader may look for them under those topical heads where they would most likely be found.

- ABERCROMBIE, Rev. Robert, 30.  
 ABRAHAMIC covenant, 8.  
 ADAMS, Aaron B., 182, 183.  
     Elizabeth C., soloist, 103, 104, 106, 168.  
     " Rev. Joseph, 27, 118, 178.  
 ADVENT Church, 157.  
 ANDOVER Seminary, 39, 45, 150, 154, 157.  
 ANGIER, Rev. Luther H., 105, 137, 157, 163.  
 ANTRIM, in Ireland, 37.  
     in New Hampshire, 105, 161.  
 APPLETON, Nathaniel, 165.  
 ARRICK, Rev. A. J., 157.  
 ASSEMBLY, General, 16, 19, 23, 31, 39, 57, 70.  
     Westminster, 13, 14.  
 AUSTRALIA, Y. P. S. C. E., 131.  
 BAILEY, John M., 101, 180.  
 BALDWIN, William H., 157.  
 BANQUET, anniversary, 163—166.  
 BAPTISTS, 22, 33, 34, 105.  
 BAPTIST, Church in Newburyport, 105, 165.  
 BARTLET, William, 36, 150.  
 BASS, Bishop Edward, 24.  
 BATH-KOL, by Murray, 40.  
 BATCHELDER, Edgar J., 163, 202.  
 BAYLEY, William H., 182.  
 BEANE, Rev. S. C., D. D., 104, 122.  
 BEECHER, Rev. Henry Ward, 156.  
 BELL, the Revere, 151, 172, 191—195, 203.  
 BELLEVILLE Church, 7, 103.  
 BEQUESTS, sundry, 169—173.  
 BIBLE, the pulpit, 65, 66, 148.  
 BINLEY, William, 100, 105, 137, 180, 181.  
 BISBEE, Rev. R. E., 157.  
 Boardman, Isaac H., 173, 182.  
     Mrs. Elizabeth A., 173.  
 BOOTHBAY, Maine. Church in, 37, 38.  
 BOSTON, city of, 16, 18, 29, 34, 156, 157, 184, 203.  
     Presbytery of, 18, 30, 39, 64, 123, 137, 186.  
 BROWN, John T., 3, 5, 95, 96, 100, 103, 104, 105, 106, 111, 115, 117, 169—173, 180, 182, 208.  
     John, 26, 28, 179, 181, 183.  
     Mrs. Ellen T. (fund,) 173.  
     Harold L., 116.  
     Philip S., (of Kansas city.) 141.

# INDEX.

- BRADFORD, city of, 153.  
 BRIDGEPORT, city of, 64, 157.  
 BUNKER HILL, 205.  
 BURROUGHS, Pres. G. S., 157.  
 BYFIELD, 27.
- CALDWELL, James, 87, 180, 182,  
 200, 207.  
 CALVIN, Rev. John, 11.  
 CALVINISM, 44, 45, 49, 71, 122.  
 CAMPBELL, Rev. Randolph, 77, 80,  
 93.  
 CAMBRIDGE Platform, 19.  
 CARTER, Delevan Knight, 134, 160.  
 CENOTAPH, the Whitefield, 36, 101,  
 173.  
 CHAPEL, the Old South, 26, 55, 56,  
 67, 186, 200.  
 CHASE, William E., 100, 102, 103,  
 104, 137, 201.  
 Mrs. Laura T., 102.  
 CHEEVER, Rev. George B., 92.  
 CHURCHES, (see special titles.)  
 CHURCH and State, 22.  
 CLARKE, Bishop Thomas C., 146—  
 148.  
 Rev. George H., D. D., 84,  
 148—150.  
 Thomas M., 180, 200.  
 CLELAND, Mrs. P. S., 154, 155.  
 CLERKS, church, list of, 181.  
 Parish, list of, 182.  
 CLOCK, tower, 117, 169—173, 191—  
 195.  
 COCHRANE, Rev. W. R., D. D.,  
 105, 134, 157, 161, 162.  
 COFFIN, Joshua, 8, 25.  
 COLLEGE, Amherst, 56.  
 Dartmouth, 47, 184.  
 Harvard, 23, 27, 45.  
 Rutgers, 62.
- COLLEGE, Wabash, 9, 64, 157.  
 Williams, 59.  
 Yale, 48.  
 COLLECTORS, parish, list of, 183.  
 COMMITTEE, General, on anniver-  
 sary, 3, 4, 103, 105, 164, 165,  
 169.  
 on incorporation, 175—177.  
 on publication, 5, 174, 176.  
 Special, 3, 4, 163, 164, 192, 207.  
 of the parish, 4, 169—173, 190,  
 202.  
 COMMITTEE-MEN, list of the, 181,  
 182.  
 CONFESSION of faith, 12, 13, 15, 31.  
 CONGREGATIONALISTS, the, 16, 19,  
 33, 109, 165, 201.  
 CONNECTICUT, 19, 39, 48.  
 CONTROVERSY, 43, 44, 58, 89, 122,  
 123, 144, 156, 186, 199.  
 COMMUNION plate, 185, 186.  
 CRAIGHEAD, Rev. Alexander, 145.  
 CROSS, Ralph, 28, 32, 65, 179, 185.  
 CRYPT, the Old South, 149, 151,  
 188—191.  
 CURFEW, ringing the, 173, 192.  
 CURTIS, Mayor A. R., 156.  
 CUSHING, Caleb, 8, 68, 87, 114, 150,  
 212.
- DANA, Rev. Daniel, D. D., 10, 42—  
 47, 54, 75, 77, 89, 113, 115,  
 119, 124, 126, 146, 177, 179,  
 207, 211.  
 descendants of, 157, 209.  
 DAVENPORT, Rev. H. A., 157.  
 DAVOL, May, 103.  
 DAY, Lucius L., 158.  
 DEACONS, 4, 52, 85, 147, 151, 177,  
 180, 181, 195.  
 DECORATIONS, of the meeting-  
 house, 100, 101, 117.  
 DENTON, Rev. Richard, 15, 138.  
 DEXTER, Rev. Henry M., D. D., 19,  
 Lord Timothy, 192.

# INDEX.

- DIMMICK, Rev. Luther F., So. 82  
 DISCIPLINE, methods of, 200.  
 DODGE, Rev. John W., 106.  
 DONNELL, Charles C., 163, 183.  
     George, 87, 180, 200.  
 DUFFIELD, Rev. Howard, D. D., of  
     New York, 140.  
 DURFEE, Rev. Charles S., 59, 60,  
     113, 115, 119.  
     Mrs. Charles S., 157.  
  
 EAGLE WING, the Presbyterian  
     ship, 14.  
 EDWARDS, Rev. Jonathan, 25, 30,  
     144.  
 ELDERS, ruling, 4, 18, 20, 30, 31, 52,  
     85, 177, 179, 180.  
 ELLINWOOD, Rev. Henry F., 158.  
 EMERSON, Rev. John E., 56.  
 EMERY, Mrs. Sarah M., (fund) 173.  
 ENGLAND, Church of, 13.  
 EPISCOPALIANS, 12, 24, 33, 34, 62,  
     109.  
  
 FANUEIL, Peter, 34.  
 FEDERAL Street, 26, 143, 151.  
 FEMALE charitable society 47.  
     prayer-meeting, 209.  
 FENCING the table, 42.  
 FISKE, Rev. Daniel T., D. D., 9,  
     75, 103, 106, 107, 164.  
 FLANDERS, Mrs. Isadore. organist,  
     103, 168.  
 FOSS, Dr. David, 4, 164, 182.  
     Mrs. Ada B. S., 104.  
 FOOT-STOVES, 54, 196.  
 FOUNDERS, list of the, 183, 184.  
 FRENCH, the, 11, 34.  
     Rev. S. F., 104, 123, 124.  
 FRESCOING, 195.  
 FROST, Elizabeth C., 118.  
  
 FUNERALS, 36, 185, 196, 199.  
 FURNACES, 55, 189.  
  
 GARRISON, William Lloyd, 114,  
     209.  
 GEORGIA, state of, 145.  
 GERRISH, Elizabeth, 209.  
 GOODWIN, Major, 84, 183.  
 GOULD, Hannah F., 150.  
 GREAT Awakening, 24.  
 GREELY, John A., 182.  
     Lucius H., 101.  
 GREENLEAF, Ada M., 201.  
     Mary C. St., 151, 200, 211.  
     Circle, 67.  
 GREETINGS from churches and  
     friends, 150—162.  
 GUELPA, Philip, frescoer, 195.  
  
 HALE, Dr. Frank A., 56, 61, 201.  
 HANCOCK, John, 203.  
 HARROD, Phoebe, 46, 66, 86, 173,  
     192, 200.  
 HASKELL, Rev. E. C., 157.  
     George W., 183, 201.  
     Mrs. Elizabeth Kimball, 3, 104,  
     134.  
 HARTFORD, Connecticut, 19, 60, 90,  
     150.  
 HART, Mrs. Eliza A., (fund), 173.  
 HECTOR, landing of the, 33.  
 HEMPSTEAD, Christ Church of, 15,  
     106, 138, 139.  
 HENRY, Patrick, 17.  
 HITCHCOCK, Rev. A. W., 104.  
 HISTORICAL Aftermath, 174—214.  
     Society, of Boston, 158.  
     Society, of Newbury, 9, 142,  
     165.  
 HOME department, 201.  
 HOMES of the pastors, 198, 209—213.

# INDEX.

- HOPKINS, Louisa Parsons, 112, 115,  
HOPKINSIANISM, 45, 89.  
HOVEY, Daniel, of Ipswich, 9.  
    Professor Edmund Otis, D. D.  
        9, 154, 157, 158.  
Mrs. Helen L., 201.  
Rev. Horace C., D. D., 3, 64,  
    79, 100, 103, 104, 115, 117,  
    179, 212, *et passim*.  
Others of the family name, 155,  
    158.  
HOWARD, Francis A., 3.  
    Rev. Roger A., 182, 201.  
HUGUENOTS, the, 11, 34, 70.  
HUNTINGTON, Lady, 41.  
INCORPORATION, acts of, 34, 175—  
    178.  
INDEPENDENCE, Declaration of, 17,  
    36, 139, 145, 203, 205.  
INDIANA, State of, 9, 156, 158.  
INVITATION, 100.  
IOWA, State of, 157, 158.  
IRELAND, 13, 37.  
ISLES of Shoals, 82.  
JACOBY, Charles W., 165.  
JAQUES, Edmund, 4, 180, 181, 201.  
    George H., 4, 201.  
JOHNSON, Isaac, 179, 188, 195.  
    Mrs. Ella M. W., 102.  
    Ella M., organist, 105.  
    William H., 189.  
JONES, Alice G., 201.  
    Captain Oliver O., 4, 180, 182.  
JOPPA, in Newburyport, 7, 25.  
KANSAS, State of, 155.  
    City, Mo., 141.  
KERR, Rev. F. M., 139.  
    Rev. J. D., 140.  
KENTUCKY, State of, 157.  
KINGSBURY, Rev. J. D., D. D., 153.  
KNOX, Rev. John, 12, 19, 22.  
LADIES' and Gentlemen's Associa-  
    tion, 68, 208, 212.  
LEAVITT, Alvah W., 4, 100, 180,  
    181, 182.  
LEXINGTON, 145, 204,  
LITTLE, the family line, 155.  
    Enoch, conversion of, 155.  
    Eliza A., oldest member of our  
        church, 209.  
    Rev. Henry, D. D., of Texas,  
        155, 156.  
    William, of Newbury, 165.  
LONDONDERRY, in Ireland, 14.  
    In New Hampshire, 16, 29, 39,  
        42, 47, 53, 104, 123.  
LORD, Alfred W., 196, 206.  
    Philip, 194.  
    Rev. Charles E., D. D., 105.  
LOWELL, Rev. John, 25, 26.  
LUNT, Ezra, 85, 180, 182, 204, 205,  
    207.  
    George, 8, 150.  
    Mary P., pianist, 201.  
    Paul, 205.  
    Philip H., 61.  
LUTHER, Martin, 11, 144.  
MARINE Society, of Newburyport,  
    214.  
MATHER, Rev. Increase, 23.  
MECKLENBERG Declaration, 145.  
MEETING-HOUSE, the Old South,  
    26, 50, 51, 52, 58, 81, 87, 100,  
    117, 146, 147, 149, 169—173,  
    175, 187, 188, 193, 202, 207.  
MEMBERSHIP, of the church, 65,  
    66, 67, 81, 87, 93, 200.



# INDEX.

- MEMORIAL Tablet, for the pastors, 102, 104, 111—120.
- MERRIMAC Bible Society, 47.  
Humane Society, 47.
- METHODISTS, the, 24, 34, 76, 109, 156, 157.
- MILLS, Rev. Charles P., 105, 130, 131, 165.
- MILTIMORE, Rev. James, of Belleville, 205.
- MILTON, Rev. Charles W., 41, 42.
- MITCHELL, Rev. James, Ph. D., 157.
- MINISTERS, list of, 178, 179.
- MISSIONARIES, 46, 47, 67, 82, 90, 150, 154, 184.
- MONEY, 150, 154, 184, 185, 198, 210.
- MONUMENTAL temple, 50.
- MOODY, John, 182, 188.  
Joseph, 151, 180, 181, 183, 186.
- MOREHEAD, Rev. John, of Boston, 29, 38, 51.
- MURRAY, Rev. John, 36, 37—42, 88, 89, 113, 115, 119, 157, 179, 184, 198, 199, 205, 208, 209, 210.
- MUSIC, sacred, 52, 53, 54, 147, 149, 151, 168, 195—197, 202.
- MACFADDIN, Rev. T. James, of Second Pres. Church, 105, 125, 126, 127.
- MACDONALD, Rev. Peter M., Ph. D., of Boston, 105, 137, 163.
- MCCORKLE, Rev. William A., D. D., of Detroit, 156.
- MCGREGOR, Rev. James of Londonderry, 16, 29, 30.
- MCINTOSH, Hiram P., 171, 209.
- McKEMIE, Rev. Francis, 15.
- NEGRO pews, so called, 196.
- New Side and Old Side, 144.
- NEWBURY, town of, 18, 20, 24, 26, 33, 122, 144, 166, 167.
- NEWBURY, West, 7, 24.  
First Church and Parish of, 26, 28, 31, 43, 65, 104, 121, 122, 166, 167.  
Third Church and Parish of, 25, 26, 30, 31, 65, 122, 133, (see First Religious Society of Newburyport.)
- NEWBURYPORT, city of, 7, 24, 34, 68, 79, 111, 169—173.  
Herald, 165, 172, 207.  
News, (imprint.)  
Presbytery of, 9, 39, 186.  
churches and societies of, (see special titles.)
- NEWELL, Rev. William W., Jr., 60, 61, 62, 113, 115, 119, 132, 179, 208, 212.
- NEW HAMPSHIRE, state of, 16, 17, 39. (see Londonderry, etc.)
- NEW YORK, 46, 62, 139, 140, 158. (see Presbytery, etc.)
- NORTH Congregational Church, of Newburyport, 46, 130, 165.
- NORTHAMPTON, Mass., 23.
- NORTH CAROLINA, State of, 144, 145.
- NOYES, Dr. George E. L., singer, 103.  
James, teacher, of Newbury, 20, 21, 33.  
Joseph H., 171, 181, 201.
- OAK Hill cemetery, 47, 57, 59.
- OFFICIAL record, 178—184, 200, 201.
- OLD School and New School, (see Controversies.)
- OLD South Church, (see Presbyterian, First Church.)
- ORGAN, of the Old South Church, 196, 197.

# INDEX.

- ORIGIN of the First Presbyterian church, 3, 25, 26, 27, 30, 144.
- PALLS, for funerals, 185.
- PARK, Professor Edwards A., 157.
- PARKER, Rev. Thomas, of Newbury, 20, 21, 33.
- PARISH, First Presbyterian, etc. (see Society.)
- PARSONS, Rev. Jonathan, 27—36, 38, 111, 113, 115, 117, 119, 144, 178, 186, 187, 188, 189, 198, 203, 207, 210.  
Descendants of, 111, 157, 207.  
Captain Jonathan, (elder.) 180.  
John D., 180, 182, 201.
- PASTORAL library, 5, 46, 197, 206.
- PATTON, Rev. Myron O., 105, 127, 128, 129.
- PELIHAM, Mass., church of, 30.
- PETTINGELL, Moses, 65, 86, 180, 197, 207.
- PETITION to the King, 31, 32, 33.
- PEARSON, Jeremiah, 179, 181, 195, 196.  
Mrs. Lucy, 77, 78.
- PILGRIM fathers, 22.
- PILOCHIE pilgrims, 15.
- PITTSBURGH, first Sabbath school in, 46.
- PHILIP, Robert, (author), 189.
- PHILADELPHIA, 16, 37, 46, 77.
- PIKE, Rev. John, D. D., 150, 152.
- PLANT, Rev. Matthias, 24.
- PLUMER, Albert, 117, 169—173.  
Charles H., 208.  
Nathan, 180, 194.  
Alice, 209.  
The Misses Jane, Maria and Mehitable, 170.  
Dr. Daniel T., and family, 170, 172.
- POETRY, 134, 135, 136, 159—162, 199.
- POLITY, ecclesiastical, 19, 109, 110, 123, 138, 156, 186, 187.
- POPE, Rev. Louis A., 105, 165.
- PORTER, Professor Ebenezer, 36.  
Winfield P., 105, 132, 133.
- PORTRAITS, of pastors, 101, 206, 207, 208.
- PRELIMINARIES for the anniversary, 3, 4, 98, 99.
- PRESBYTERY, power of the, 19, 20, 21, 186, 187.  
"In a church," 20.  
Boston, 18, 30, 39, 64, 123, 137, 186.  
Concord, 143.  
the Eastward, 39, 40, 41, 186.  
Grafton, 39.  
Londonderry, (Irish,) 28.  
Londonderry, 28, 30, 39, 42, 186.  
Newburyport, 9, 39, 186.  
Palmer, the "Western," 39, 186.  
Philadelphia, the "mother presbytery," 16.  
Salem, the "Eastern," 39, 47, 186.
- PRESBYTERIANISM, American, 19, 20, 21, 70.  
Knox's plan of, 19, 20.  
Congregationalized, 19.
- PRESBYTERIAN church, Bridgeport, First, 157.  
Kansas city, First, 140.  
Newburyport, First, 3, 23, 34, 43, 69, 70, *et passim*.  
Newburyport, Second, 42, 43, 47, 105, 125, 127, 192, 196.  
Londonderry, 47, 53, 104, 123.  
New York, First, 139, 140.  
New York, Fourth, 140.

# INDEX.

- PRESBYTERIAN parish, first of  
Newburyport, 34, 51, 169, 175,  
176.
- PRINCE, Rev. Joseph, the blind  
preacher, 36, 124, 188, 189.
- PRINCETON Seminary, 56, 63.
- PRITCHARD, Charles M., 164, 171,  
180, 183, 201.  
Edward D., 134, 159, 201.  
Captain William, 87, 95, 180,  
182, 183, 201.
- PROGRAM, for the anniversary, 102,  
103, 104, 105.
- PROPRIETORS, of the meeting-  
house, 51, 175.
- PROSPECT STREET CHURCH, Con-  
gregational, 42, 43, 77.
- PROUDFIT, Rev. John, 50, 51, 75,  
91, 113, 115, 119, 148, 149, 151,  
179, 208, 211.
- PSALMS of David, 53.
- PULPIT of the Old South meeting-  
house, 101, 148, 195, 196.
- PURITANS, the, 12, 13, 60, 65, 85,  
138.
- QUAKERS or "Friends," 29, 33, 34.
- QUEEN Anne, "Act of Security",  
13.
- QUEEN Anne chapel, in Newbury-  
port, 24.
- READE, Sir Charles, 208.
- REBELLION, war of the, 114, 118.
- REED, Prentiss H., 3, 100, 165, 183.  
Tula M., 165.
- REID, Rev. John H., 105, 129, 130.
- RESERVED rights, 30, 122.
- REVERE, Paul, 101, 192.  
The bell, 151, 172, 191—195,  
203.
- REVOLUTIONARY war, 17, 38, 40,  
44, 113, 191, 198, 202—206.
- RICHARDSON, Rev. Richard H.,  
56, 59, 94, 113, 115, 119, 179,  
208, 212.  
Mrs. Octavia W., 157.  
Rev. William C., 103.
- ROCKY Hill, meeting house, 125.
- RODGERS, Rev. John, 140.
- ROLFE, Ebenezer, 4, 180, 201.
- ROMAN Catholics, 12, 34, 55, 118.  
church in Newburyport, 55.
- ROUSE's version of the Psalms, 53.
- ROWLEY, Dr. Pike of, 151.
- ROXBURY, first Sabbath School in,  
45.
- RUNDLETTE, Mrs. Emily M., 102.
- SABBATH Schools, 45, 46, 56, 150,  
200, 201, 209.
- SALARIES of early Pastors, 198.
- SALEM, city of, 18, 39, 47, 186. (see  
Presbytery.)
- SANBORN, Rev. F. W., of Newbury,  
121, 122.
- SARGENT, Moses H., 201.  
Rufus, 194.
- SAYBROOK Platform, 19, 28.
- SCOTCH Presbyterians, 12, 13, 20,  
22, 53, 70, 118, 124.
- SCOTCH-IRISH Presbyterians, 13, 14,  
15, 16, 17, 18, 22, 28, 39, 53,  
70, 118, 124.
- SEA captains and sailors, 59, 68, 79,  
87, 126, 150, 206, 214.
- SEAL, of the First Presbyterian  
Church, next title page.  
authority for making and using,  
177.
- SESSION of the Church, 4, 18, 19,  
20, 21, 30, 53, 164, 177, 190,  
200, 207.

# INDEX.

- SEXTON, of the parish, 55, 149, 163, 188, 202.
- SHAW, Rev. Samuel, 103.
- SILLOWAY, Thomas W., architect, 194.
- SIMPSON, Captain Paul, 87, 180, 182, 183.
- SINCLAIR, Rev. Brevard D., 63, 113, 115, 142, 143—146, 179, 208, 212.
- SMITH, Charles T., 4, 171, 172, 182. Ebenezer, 4, 180 182.
- SOCIETY, First Presbyterian, Newburyport, 34, 51, 169, 175, 176, *et passim*.
- First Religious, Newburyport, 26, 43, 46, 49, 104, 122, 123, 141.
- Fourth Religious, Newburyport, 42, 43, 77, 127, 128, 129.
- Female Charitable, 47.
- Historical, of Newbury, 9, 142, 165.
- Marine, of Newburyport, 214.
- Merrimac Bible, 47.
- Merrimac Humane, 47.
- Sabbath School and Tract, Newburyport, 46, 200.
- Young People's Christian Endeavor, 67, 101, 105, 130, 131.
- SPRING, Rev. Samuel, 85, 89, 90, 199.
- SPROAT, Rev. James, 187, 188.
- STEARNS, Rev. Jonathan F., D. D., 10, 56, 57, 75, 76, 77, 93, 108, 113, 115, 119, 152, 179, 186, 189, 190, 208, 112.
- Sargent P., 152 153.
- STONE, George F., 104, 111, 157.
- STOVES, introduction of, 55, 149, 196.
- ST. PAUL'S Episcopal Church, Newburyport, 24, 103, 147.
- SUPERINTENDENTS, of Sabbath School, 200, 201.
- SYNOD, the power of, 19, 23, 38, 62.
- of Albany, 187.
- of New England, 38, 39, 186.
- of New York, 21, 62.
- TAXATION, resisted, 31, 32, 34, 44.
- TENNANTS, William and Gilbert, 25, 37.
- TEXAS, state of, 155.
- THANKSGIVING Day, 41, 49, 80 206.
- THEOLOGICAL Seminary, Andover, 39, 45, 150, 154, 157.
- Bangor, 108.
- Lane, 64, 154.
- Union, 62.
- THIRD Church of Newbury, (see Newbury.)
- THURSTON, Rev. John R., 104, 106, 167.
- TILTON, Dudley D., 180, 201.
- TITCOMB, Enoch, 154, 179, 181, 183.
- TREASURERS' accounts, 184, 185.
- of the church, 181.
- of the parish, 183.
- TUCKER, Mrs. Lydia B., 157, 209.
- TUTTLE, President Joseph F., D. D., 157.
- TYTHING men, 202.
- UNITARIANS, 16, 25, 26, 34, 43, 48, 49, 104, 122, 134, 141.
- UNIVERSITY of New York, 62.
- UTAH, state of, 154.
- VANE of the Old South meeting-house, 191, 193, 194.

# INDEX.

- VERMILYE, Rev. Ashbel G., D. D.,  
3, 56, 75—97, 104—106, 113,  
115, 119, 166, 167, 179, 207,  
208, 212.
- WALLACE, Rev. Charles C., D. D.,  
9, 62, 63, 113, 115, 119, 179,  
208, 212.  
Mrs. Mary S., 157.
- WALDENSES, 11.
- WARD, Rev. John W. of People's  
M. E. Church, 156.
- WATTS, Isaac, 104, 199.
- WATTS and select hymn-book, 53,  
199.
- WEATHERCOCK, 191, 193, 194.
- WESLEY, Rev. John, 109.
- WEST NEWBURY, 7, 24.
- WESTMINSTER Assembly, 14, 19  
Confessions and catechisms,  
13, 15, 31.
- WHEELWRIGHT, Abraham, 149,  
180, 200.  
Mrs., 186.  
W. D., 208.
- WHISPERING gallery, 87, 118.
- WHITEFIELD, Rev. George, Bible  
of, 65; coming of, 23, 24;  
founder of the First Presby-  
terian church, 34, 109, 131,  
144; preaching of, 23, 24, 35,  
77, 78, 79, 112, 140, 143, 144,  
155, 162, 173; in North Car-  
olina, 143; death of, 35, 36,  
208; remains of in the crypt,  
36, 76, 90, 126, 143, 188, 191;
- WHITEFIELD—*Continued.*  
cenotaph of, 36, 37, 101;  
monumental temple for, 50;  
portrait of, 119, 208.  
Circle, in First Presbyterian  
Church, 67.  
Congregational Church in  
Newburyport, 56, 105, 129,  
130.
- WHITTIER, John G., 165
- WILLIAMS, Rev. Samuel P., 9, 10,  
25, 34, 48—50, 75, 77, 82, 91,  
113, 115, 119, 147, 148, 157,  
179, 208, 211.  
Roger, 22.
- WINDER, John W., 4, 5, 99, 101, 171,  
176, 182, 196, 208, 212.  
Mrs. Clarissa J. G., 99, 101,  
102, 196, 208, 212.
- WISHARD, Rev. Samuel, D. D.,  
154, 155.
- WITHINGTON, Rev. Leonard, 9, 43,  
50, 77, 80, 81, 147.
- WITHERSPOON, Rev. John, 17.
- WOLFE Tavern, 163, 164.
- WOODS, James M., 4, 180, 182.
- WORCESTER, city of, 16.  
Rev. Samuel, D. D., 53.
- WYATT, Benjamin, 180, 182, 192.
- YOUNG People's Society of Chris-  
tian Endeavor, 67, 101, 105,  
130, 131.  
Men's Christian Association,  
61, 105, 132, 133.











